

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

A POETIC CORRESPONDENT.

We have received through the Post Office 28 lines of composition, with which the writer, in his prefatory remarks, informs us we are at liberty to amuse our readers, provided we think it worth the pains of setting up the type. Now, in truth, we do not think this effusion so valuable as it may seem to its writer, but as some amusement may be extracted from one or two of his "verses," here they are, *verbatim et literatim* et punctatim.

O! were I on the Ohio's side,
And with me L. N. as I bided;
We'd ramble by the limpid tide,
I'd court her to my bride.

I'd unclothe to her a lover's heart,
But at its contents, behold she starts!
And extracts with caution and with art,
My bliss—my bane—the gorey dart.

Then heaved a deep—a heavy sigh,
As the Eagle prowling chance pass by;
Which bore with wonder to the sky,
Darts back the ruffled storms on high."

Miss L. N. must certainly be irrecoverably overcome by this sample of the contents of a lover's brain, who starts at the unclothing of his heart. The brains and heart together must make a very original and inviting hotchpot for an amatory epicure.—*Lexington, Ky. Lit. Jour.*

For the Constellation.

THE HUNCHBACK.

[Translated from the French.]

CHAPTER FIRST.

If the misfortune that happened to Mendoza Peres, what kind of man the Hunchback was, where and how he became acquainted with Mendoza.

Two travellers, the one mounted on a mule loaded with an enormous portmanteau, the other, allowing his beautiful Andalusian horse to choose his own pace, were slowly journeying along the road that leads from Val-del-Penas to Calatrava. The former, who was a lively less rich than elegant, and the snood in which his black hair was enclosed beneath a small embroidered cap, increased the sinister expression of a countenance by no means prepossessing in itself. His master wrapped up within the folds of a large cloak, appeared to be absorbed in a reverie of a melancholy nature.

It was towards the end of autumn, but the heat of the sun's rays was still oppressive: the looks of the valet were therefore frequently directed towards an inn which he perceived a hundred rods ahead; and the mule, whether he felt the whip, or from the instinct natural to these animals, by which they know where a little oats await them, set off at a brisk trot: the horse followed his example, but his rider scarcely appeared to notice this change of pace.

"Signor Mendoza Peres," said the valet stopping before the inn, "since your departure from Val-del-Penas, you have taken no refreshment. Credit your faithful Pedro: stop here awhile; and without awaiting his master's answer, he leaped from his mule. Mendoza mechanically followed without reply.

"Come, bustle, bustle, worthy host," exclaimed Pedro as he entered, "help this young gentleman to the best you have; and don't forget to make us acquainted with a flask of your excellent Val-del-Penas wine." These words, pronounced with a swaggering air did not produce the effect which at any other time they would have done. The inn was in that state of confusion into which the unexpected arrival of an important personage always throws it. The hostess, in a sharp and piercing tone was giving contradictory orders to her sun-burnt female servants and a ragged

boy: a child seated in the chimney-corner was preparing to turn the spit, whilst some host fastened to it a hen he had metamorphosed into a capon, the bloody feathers and pieces of which betrayed the recent murder as they lay scattered about the floor. He left off this business to meet Mendoza.

"Signor cavalier," said he with that look of scrutiny which always determines the quantum of respect with which a landlord receives his guests, "I really regret that my refreshments are bespoken by the noble stranger whose splendid carriage you have seen at my door; but if you can be satisfied with an excellent omelette, an *olla podrida* and the best wine in La Mancha"—"I shall be satisfied with whatever you can give me," replied the Mendoza, with a look of abstraction; and seating himself upon a wooden bench near a table on the left of the chimney, he appeared not to notice that they made him wait at least an hour for the miserable omelette placed at last before him.

His modest repast over, he told the child to call his servant. "Your servant?" answered the landlord: "hardly had you arrived, than he set off with the horse and mule to prepare lodgings for you at Calatrava; although you would have been as comfortably off with your servant Gregorio Gencies." "Gone! gone with my horse!" cried Peres, as though waking from a dream: "I have been robbed by a scoundrel. Get me a horse immediately, or a mule, no matter which, let me catch the rascal;" and feeling for his purse, he found he also had been plundered of that by the perfidious Pedro.

It would be difficult to describe Mendoza's consternation, or the ignoble expression of insolence which suddenly overspread Gregorio's countenance. He had to do with a young man who appeared to be timid and inexperienced, and believing he should make a good job of the affair: "Don't imagine," exclaimed he in a sharp tone, "that these grimaces will satisfy me; you and your would-be servant understand each other no doubt; but by St. Gregory you won't succeed this time. You won't leave this place without paying me the last maredi, here's something will answer," and at the same time seized Mendoza's cloak, which he had placed beside him while eating.

"What will become of me?" murmured the unfortunate young man; "how return to Toledo without money, without a horse? and to increase my distress I must bear with the impudent suspicions of this low wretch. Fatal journey!—Inezilla! Inezilla! into what an abyss of misfortune has my ill-omened love for you thrown me!" and sinking upon his seat, he covered his face with his hands to conceal the tears that were starting from his eyes.

"What means all this noise?" said a new personage, appearing on the scene from the next room. "Is that the way an impertinent fellow like you dare talk to this young gentleman, and take advantage of an embarrassment into which the villany of a servant has thrown him?" "Signor cavalier," added he turning to Mendoza, "I offer you my purse, and although I have not the honor of being known to you, I hope you will not mortify me by a refusal. Would you hesitate to make me the same offer if I were in a similar situation? doubtless not! well then yield to my prayer I beg of you."

Mendoza removed his hands to look at the stranger who addressed him. He was a little man, scarcely five feet high, nearly sixty, and nature had so oddly disposed of his bald head that it appeared to be where his chest should have been. His eyes were full of fire and his regular and agreeable features bespoke intellect and an ardent imagination; but his smile had something strange in it; it appeared to be a mixture of that with which we receive an insult we despise, and that convulsive twitching which deforms the gambler's lip when he sees his darling heaps of golds vanishing into his adversary's pockets.

Mendoza's reluctance to have recourse to a stranger's purse was very obvious. The latter easily guessed his feelings, and with that exquisite tact which distinguishes a man of education and of the world he continued in these terms: "Signor Cavalier, I live in a country seat near Calatrava; come and stay some days with me whilst the Alcade is engaged in ferreting out the rascal who has plundered you. Meantime you may if you judge proper, despatch one of my people to Toledo who will bring you back the money necessary to

return there." Mendoza clasped the generous stranger's hand, and the carriage of Count della Ribera being announced as ready, the two friends seated themselves side by side in it.

Gregory, cap in hand, gazed a long time at the brilliant coach and numerous attendants; and when he could see them no longer, turned his eyes with an air of satisfaction upon the group whom this rather rare sight had collected about the hotel.

CHAPTER SECOND.

What observations Don Alvarez made. He arrives at his castle of Ribera. What takes place there, and what conversation he has with Mendoza.

Whilst the carriage rapidly advanced towards Don Alvarez castle, this lord, who had vainly endeavored to draw Mendoza out of the deep reverie into which in spite of himself he was every moment relapsing, soon got tired of looking at a lonely and sterile tract of country. He threw himself back with a look of dissatisfaction, yawned, tried to sleep, hummed an air, and in short used every means resorted to by travellers to dispel the tediousness and ennui to which they are condemned. His wandering looks at last fell upon the silent stranger, his present travelling companion; he began to examine him with an attention still the more minute, as Ribera was yet three leagues distant at least, and that this examination offered him a puerile occupation, perhaps, but one which, under present circumstances, was not to be slighted.

A doublet of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, shewed the proportions of Mendoza's form, which was faultless, with the exception of being a little too slender. His hair, after the fashion of the times, clustered about his shoulders, in elegant curls, and a mustachio, still slight, covered his upper lip. When his large black and expressive eyes were not raised towards Heaven, he fastened them with a sigh upon a ring on his left hand, whence Signor Alvarez concluded that Pedro's robbery was not the only source of his fellow traveller's affliction.

Perchance, friendly reader, you have sometimes experienced the awkwardness and timidity we feel when with a person superior to us in reputation, rank or age. We blush, are confused, our ideas and expressions are vague and imperfect, in a word we are on the rack. Such was Mendoza's situation when arriving at the castle, he became sensible of his repeated fits of abstraction, and thought they might have offended Don Alvarez, and caused him to be looked upon as unpolite by that lord. Exaggerating his wrongs, he was desirous to make reparation for them; he determined to lend a more attentive ear to his host's conversation, and even started fresh subjects. But bitter recollections recurred at every moment in spite of himself, and when he ought to have answered, he had not heard one single word of what Don Alvarez had been saying; it was consequently with a kind of pleasure he heard the latter ask permission to retire, alleging the fatigues of the journey.

Left alone in the apartment prepared for him, Mendoza gave free vent to his sighs, and yielded himself up to the full violence of his grief. Don Alvarez, from an adjoining room, had heard his groans and hurried footsteps. Fearing he would commit some act of despair, the old man entered once more, and seating himself near him: "Signor Mendoza," said he, "I know not what can afflict you to this degree, but at your age the feelings are warm, and perhaps your sorrows are not so great as you imagine them to be. I am old, have some credit, and if my experience, my advice can—" "Signor," replied Mendoza, "my misfortunes are without remedy. If you will condescend to listen, I will give you a history of them. I can shew my gratitude for all your kindness, only by giving you this proof of the confidence with which you inspire me; moreover I feel I shall experience a painful pleasure in pouring out my griefs into the bosom of the estimable and generous friend whom chance has given me; in a word, it is the only consolation still left to the unhappy Mendoza."

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL PRICE-CURRENT.

Though prepared for the Charleston S.C. Market, it may be useful to dealers in other places. Its authority, the Charleston Mercury, must be known to appreciate the value of its speculative remarks.

As the following review embraces articles not usually noted in a Price Current, some mercan-

tile anomalies will doubtless be detected, such as articles falling when in demand, &c. but we believe that our account will be found accurate.

THE MARKET.—Cash.—In this all important and favorite article the usual scarcity continues. The demand is tremendous. Holders very firm.

Dust.—Since the rains ceased, this article has risen considerably, and is in lively circulation.

Malt.—There is still a plentiful supply in some quarters, and it is supposed the city will retain the present stock, as very little is taken up for exportation. Some near sighted speculators are said to have dipped very deeply into this article.

Whiskey.—A most animated retail business continues, purchasers taking up the article with great avidity. There is an ardent enquiry for city consumption, and though holders are by no means firm, but for the most part give way when pressed, yet the demand rises as the article goes down.

Coughs and Colds.—The stock has diminished since the weather became settled; and as in most cases holders have been well disposed to part with all they had, the article has gone off freely. In what has been long on hand, there is a tendency to a decline.

Cheese.—Great animation in the old stock, and as the season advances, some indication of activity in the new.

Crabs.—This article, like the President's politics, goes backwards and forwards, so that it is hard to fix a quotation, and as all that comes from Jackson is orthodox republicanism, so all the crabs in our market are sea crabs, whether caught in the mill-ponds or at the wharves.

Ice Creams.—The early part of the season was too cool for ice, but as it grows warm, considerable quantities are frozen.

Duns.—Very plentiful; but there is not a good feeling towards them in the market, and though receipts are offered with them gratis, they are taken up with great reluctance.

Cellar Doors.—Where the staple is not good, the holders are not firm, and a fall is apprehended in case of a pressure. Some persons who have gone into them too suddenly, have been amazed, and it is thought that some houses will be compelled to close their affairs.

Flies.—Have come into the market in great quantities. Large arrivals of Mosquitoes from the interior.

Ladies' Dresses.—There is a better feeling manifested. Petticoats have come down very considerably since last season, and ankles, which were freely offered to a great extent, now come more sparingly before the public. The bonnet business, which occupied so large a space in the attention of speculators, has been much curtailed, and noses are occasionally seen in profile. Flourishes which ranged so high a few months back are rarely to be met with; but the sleeve trade is carried on to a stupendous extent.

Live Stock.—Dandies are much depressed, and calves are heavy and dull. Terrapins are looking up.

Whiskers.—There has been a very full crop this season, and the stock accumulates rapidly.

Newspapers.—Plenty and dull; the stock consists principally of the day and light descriptions. There is some stagnation in the business, owing to our being without late foreign advices.

Leaguers.—Go very luxuriously off—the stock is large, and the demand principally confined to retail dealers.

Marriages.—During the past season the market was unusually lively, and it is supposed that numerous speculations were made. Several contracts were completed at prices which have not transpired. There is yet a large stock undisposed of. Fair descriptions are in brisk demand. Choice is scarce. Offers are freely made for such of this quality as remains in first hands. A few lots have been taken up for exportation. **CASH** is required in the general run of transactions.

Custom House Officers.—According to Jackson's Price Current—the demand for Tide Waters and Inspectors of good qualities greatly exceeded the supply in February last, but the extensive Executive orders of that date were very promptly executed by the manufacturers here; and there is now a glut of all descriptions, which threatens to be permanent—as the large superannuated men have in to meet the Nulition emergency, remain on hand. The stock is larger than was ever known at the hottest season; and very little doing. We quote the articles at \$3 per dozen for good to prime, and upwards for extra quality.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.
(Continued.)

"Wagtail recovered; our refitting was completed; our wood, and water, and provisions replenished; and after spending one of the happiest fortnights of my life, in one continued round of gaiety, I prepared to leave—with tears in my eyes I will confess—the clear waters, bright blue skies, glorious climate, and warm-hearted community of Nassau, New Providence. Well might that old villain Blackbeard have made this sweet spot his favourite rendezvous. By the way, this same John Teach or Blackbeard had fourteen wives in this lovely island; and I am not sure but I could have picked out something approximating to the aforesaid number myself, with time and opportunity, from among such a galaxy of loveliness as then shone and sparkled in this dear little town. Speaking of the pirate Blackbeard, I ought to have related, that the morning before this, when I was at breakfast at Mrs. C—, the amiable, and beautiful, and innocent girl-matron—ay, your supercilious son of a sea-cook, you may turn up your nose at the expression, but if you could have seen the burthen of my song as I saw her, and felt the elegancies of her manner and conversation as I felt them—but let us stick to Blackbeard, if you please. We were all comfortably seated at breakfast; I had finished my sixth egg, had concealed a beautiful dried snapper, before whom even a rizzard haddock sank into insignificance, and was bethinking me of finishing off with a slice of Scotch mutton-ham, when in slid Mr. Bang. He was received with all possible cordiality, and commenced operations very vigorously.

He was an amazing favourite of our hosts, (as there was he not a favourite?) so that it was some time before he even looked my way. We were in the midst of a discussion regarding the beauty of New Providence, and the West India Islands in general; and I was just remarking that nature had been liberal, that the scenery was unquestionably magnificent in the larger islands, and beautiful in the smaller; but there were none of those heartstirring reminiscences, none of those thrilling electrical associations which vibrate to the heart at visiting scenes in Europe famous in antiquity—famous as the spot in which recent victories had been achieved—famous even for the very freebooters, who once held lawful sway in the neighbourhood. Why, there never has flourished hereabouts, for instance, even one thoroughly melodramatic thief. Massa Aaron let me go on, until he had nearly finished his breakfast. At length he fired a shot at me.

I say, Tom, you are expatiating, I see. Nothing heartstirring, say you? In new countries, it would bother you to have old associations certainly; and you have had your Rob Roy, I grant you, and the old country has had her Robin Hood. But has not Jamaica had her Three-fingered Jack? Ay, a more gentlemanlike scoundrel than either of the former. When did Jack refuse a piece of yam, and a cordial from his horn, to the wayward nian, white or black? When did he injure a woman? When did Jack refuse food and a draught of cold water, the greatest boon in our ardent climate that he could offer, to a wearied child? Oh, there was much poetry in the poor fellow! And here had they not that most melodramatic (as you choose to word it) of thieves, Blackbeard before whom Blackbeard must for ever hide his diminished head? Why, Blackbeard had only one wife at a time, although he murdered five of them, whereas Blackbeard had seldom fewer than a dozen, and he was never known to murder above three. But I have fallen in with such a treasure! Oh, such a discovery! I have been communing with Noah himself—with an old negro, who remembers this very Blackbeard—the pirate Blackbeard!

"The deuce," said I; "impossible!"
"But it is true. Why it is only ninety-four years ago since the scoundrel flourished, and this old cock is one hundred and ten. Why, I have jotted it down—worth a hundred pounds. Read, my adorable Mrs. C—, read."

"But, my dear Mr. Bang," said she, "had you not better read it yourself?"

"You, if you please," quoth Aaron Bang, who forthwith set himself to make the best use of his time.

BLACKBEARD.

Memoir of John Teach, Esquire, vulgarly called Blackbeard, by Aaron Bang, Esquire, F.R.S.

—He was the mildest mannered man that ever sailed ship, or cut a throat. With such true breeding of a gentleman, you never could discern his real thought. Pity he loved adventurous life's variety. He was so great a loss to good society."

John Teach, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and borrowed a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West Indians, and, sending a boat on board of each, he asked them for the loan of provisions and wine, and all their gold, and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been un-

civilly treated, to shew his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to borrow more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions. He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow when it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoat he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favour with the last gentleman he had borrowed any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two naked stilettos, only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match fixing in the bow of his cocked scraper, wherewith he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favourite amusements when he got half-slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his compotators, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the *Lince* and *Pearl*, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight-gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honourable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out, mauling the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

"His face to the sky, and his feet to the bed"—leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, minus the three he had throttled.

"No chivalrous associations indeed! Match me such a character as this."

We all applauded to an echo. But I must end my song, for I should never tire in dwelling on the happy days we spent on this enchanting little island. The lovely blithe girls, and the hospitable kindhearted men, and the children! I never saw such cherubs, with all the sprightliness of the little pale-faced creoles of the West Indies, while the healthy bloom of Old England blossomed on their cheeks.

When on the eve of sailing, my excellent friends, Messrs. Bang, Gelid, and Wagtail, determined, in consequence of letters which they had received from Jamaica, to return home in a beautiful armed brig that was to sail in a few days, laden with flour. I cannot well describe how much this moved me. Young and enthusiastic as I was, I had grappled myself with hooks of steel to Mr. Bang; and now, when he unexpectedly communicated his intention of leaving me, I felt more forlorn and deserted than I was willing to plead to.

"My dear boy," said he, "make my peace with N—. If urgent business had not pressed me, I would not have broken my promise to rejoin him; but I am imperiously called for in Jamaica, where I hope soon to see you." He continued with a slight tremor in his voice, which thrilled to my heart, as it vouched for the strength of his regard. "If ever I am where you may come, Tom, and you don't make my house your home, provided you have not a better of your own, I will never forgive you." He paused. "You young fellows sometimes spend faster than you should do, and quarterly bills are long of coming round. I have drawn for more money than I want. I wish you would let me be your banker for a hundred pounds, Tom."

I squeezed his hand. "No, no—many thanks, my dear sir—but I never outrun the constables. Good-by, God bless you. Farewell, Mr. Wagtail—Mr. Gelid, adieu." I tumbled into the boat and pulled on board. "The first thing I did was to send the wine and sea stock, a most exuberant assortment unquestionably, belonging to my Jamaica friends, ashore; but to my surprise the boat was sent back, with Mr. Bang's card on which was written in pencil, 'Don't affront us, Captain Cringle.' Thereupon I got the schooner under weigh and no event worth narrating turned up until we anchored close to the post-office at Crooked Island, two days after.

We found the Firebrand there, and the post-office mail-boat, with her red flag and white horse in it, and I

went on board the corvette to deliver my official letter, detailing the incidents of the cruise, and was most graciously received by my Captain.

There was a sail in sight when we anchored, which at first we took for the Jamaica packet; but it turned out to be the Tinker, friend Bang's flour-loaded brig! and by five in the evening our friends were all three restored to us, but alas! so far as regarded two of them, only for a moment. Messrs. Gelid and Wagtail had, on second thoughts, it seems, hauled their wind to lay in a stock of turtle at Crooked Island, and I went ashore with them, and assisted in the selection from the turtle crawls filled with beautiful clear water, and lots of fine fresh-caught fish, the postmaster being the turtle-merchant.

He must have had but a dull time of it, as there were no other white inhabitants, that I saw, on the island besides himself; his wife having gone to Nassau. In truth, Crooked Island was a most desolate domicile for a lady; our friend the postmaster's family, and a few negroes employed in catching turtle, and making salt, and dressing some scrubby cotton-trees, composing the whole population. In the evening the packet did arrive, however, and Captain N— received his orders.

"Captain N—, my boy," quoth Bang towards evening, "the best of friends must part—we must move—good night—we shall be off to-night—good-by!"—and he held out his hand.

"Devil a bit," said N—; "Bang, you shall not go, neither you nor your friends. You promised, in fact shipped with me for the cruise, and Lady—has my word and honour that you shall be restored to her longing eye, sound and safe—so you must all remain, and send down the flour brig to say you are coming."

To make a long story short, Massa Aaron was boned, but his friends were obdurate, so we all weighed that night; the Tinker bearing up for Jamaica, while we kept by the wind, steering for Gonaives in St. Domingo.

NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE AT ST. DOMINGO.

The third day we were off Cape St. Nicholas, and getting a slant of wind from the westward, we ran up the Bight of Leogane all that night, but towards morning it fell calm; we were close in under the highland, about two miles from the shore, and the night was the darkest I ever was out in any where. There were neither moon nor stars to be seen, and the dark clouds settled down, until they appeared to rest upon our mast-heads, compressing, as it were, the hot steamy air down upon us until it became too dense for breathing. In the early part of the night it had rained in heavy showers now and then, and there were one or two faint flashes of lightning, and some heavy peals of thunder, which rolled amongst the distant hills in loud shaking reverberations, which gradually became fainter and fainter, until they grumbled away in the distance in hoarse murmurs, like the low notes of an organ in one of our old Cathedrals; but now there was neither rain nor wind—all nature seemed fearfully hushed; for where we lay, in the smooth *Dight*, there was no swell, not even a ripple on the glass-like sea; the sound of the shifting of a handspike, or the tread of the men, as they ran to haul on a rope, or the creaking of the rudder, sounded loud and distinct. The sea in our neighbourhood was strongly phosphorescent, so that the smallest chip thrown overboard struck fire from the water, as if it had been a piece of iron cast on flint; and when you looked over the quarter, as I delight to do, and tried to penetrate into the dark clear profound beneath, you every now and then saw a burst of pale light, like a halo far down in the depths of the green sea, caused by the motion of some fish, or of what Jack, no great natural philosopher, usually calls *blubbers*; and when the dolphin or skip-jack leapt into the air, they sparkled out from the still bosom of the deep, dark water like rockets, until they fell again into their element in a flash of fire. This evening the corvette had shewed no lights, and although I conjectured she was not far from us, still I could not with any certainty indicate her whereabouts. It might now be about three o'clock, and I was standing on the aftermost gun on the starboard side, peering into the impervious darkness over the taffarel, with my old dog Sneezee by my side, nuzzling and fondling after his affectionate fashion, while the pilot, Peter Mangrove, stood within handspike length of me. The dog had been growling, but all in fun, and snapping at me, when in a moment he hauled off, planted his paws on the rail, looked forth into the night, and gave a short anxious bark, like the solitary pop of the sentry's musket, to alarm the main-guard in outpost work.

Peter Mangrove advanced, and put his arm round the dog's neck. "What you see, my shild?" said the black pilot.

Sneezee uplifted his voice, and gave a long continuous bark.

"Ah!" said Mangrove sharply, "Massa Captain, something near we—never doubt dat—de dog yeeie something we can't yeeie, and see something we can't see."

I had lived long enough never to despise any caution from what quarter soever it proceeded. So I listened still as a stone. Presently I thought I heard the distant splash of oars. I placed my hand behind my ear, and listened with breathless attention. Presently I saw the sparkling dip of them in the calm black water, as if a boat, and a large one, was pulling very fast towards us. "Look out—hail that boat," said I. "Boat ahoy," sung out the man. No answer. "Coming here?" reiterated the seaman. No better success. The boat or canoe, or whatever it might be was by this time close aboard of us, within pistol-shot

at the farthest—no time to be lost, so I hailed myself, and at this time the challenge did produce an answer.

"Shore boat—fruit and vegetable." "Shore boat, with fruit and vegetables, at this time of night—I don't like it," said I. "Boatswain's mate, call the boarders. Cutlasses, men—quick, a piratical row-boat is close to." And verily we had little time to lose, when a large canoe or row-boat, pulling twelve oars at the fewest, and carrying twenty firemen, or thereabouts, swept upon our larboard quarter, hooked on, and the next moment upwards of twenty unlooked-for visitors scrambled up our shallow side, and jumped on board.

All this took place so suddenly that there were not ten of my people ready to receive them, but those ten were the prime men of the ship. "Surrender, you scoundrels—surrender. You have boarded a man-of-war. Down with your arms, or we shall murder you to a man."

But they either did not understand me, or did not believe me, for the answer was a blow from a cutlass, which, if I had not parried with my night glass, which it broke in pieces, might have effectually stopped my promotion. "Cut them down, boarders, down with them—they are pirates," shouted I; "heave cold shot into their boat alongside—all hands, boatswain's mate—call all hands." We closed. The assailants had no firearms, but they were armed with swords and long knives, and as they fought with desperation, several of our people were cruelly haggled; and after the first charge, the combatants on both sides became blended, that it was impossible to strike a blow, without running the risk of cutting down a friend. By this time all hands were on deck; the boat alongside had been swamped by the cold shot that had been hoisted crashing through her bottom, when down came a shower from the surcharged clouds, or waterspout—call it which you will—that absolutely deluged the decks, the scuppers being utterly unable to carry off the water. So long as the pirates fought in a body, I had no fears, as dark as it was, our men, who held together, knew where to strike and thrust; but when the torrents of rain descended in buckets-full, the former broke away, and were pursued singly into various corners about the deck, all escape being cut off from the swamping of their boat. Still they were not vanquished, and I ran aft to the binnacle, where a blue light was stowed away, one of several that we had got on deck to burn that night, in order to point out our whereabouts to the Firebrand. I fired it, and rushing forward cutlass-in-hand, we set on the gang of black desperadoes with such fury, that after killing two of them outright, and wounding and taking prisoners seven, we drove the rest overboard into the sea, where the small-arm men, who by this time had tackled to their muskets, made short work of them, guided as they were by the sparkling of the dark water, as they struck out and swam for their lives. The blue light was immediately answered by another from the corvette, which lay about a mile off; but before her boats, two of which were immediately armed and manned, could reach us, we had defeated our antagonists, and the rain had increased to such a degree, that the heavy drops, as they fell with a strong rushing noise into the sea, flashed it up into one entire sheet of fire.

We secured our prisoners, all blacks and mulattoes, the most villainous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen, and presently it came on to thunder and lighten, as if heaven and earth had been falling together. A most vivid flash—it almost blinded me. Presently the Firebrand burnt another blue light, whereby we saw that her maintopmast was gone close by the cap, with the topsail, and upper spars, and yard, and gear, all hanging down in a lumbering mass of confused wreck; she had been struck by the levin brand, which had killed four men, and stunned several more. By this time the cold grey streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and presently the day broke, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, both corvette and schooner were at anchor at Gonaives. The village, for town it could not be called, stood on a low hot plain, as if the washings of the mountains on the left hand side as we stood in had been carried out into the sea, and formed into a white plateau of sand; all was hot and stunted, and scrubby. We brought up inside of the corvette, in three fathoms of water. My superior officer had made the private signal to come on board and dine, which, in the assumed intimacy in which we were now linked, could mean any plea he declined. I dressed, and the boat was lowered down, and we pulled for the corvette, but our course lay under the stern of the two English ships that were lying there loading cargoes of coffee.

"Pray, sir, said a decent looking man, who leant on the taffarel of one of them—"Pray, are you going on board of the Commodore?"

"I am," I answered.

"I am invited there too, sir; and you have the kindness to say I will be there presently."

"Certainly—give way, men."

Presently we were alongside the Commodore, and the next moment we stood on her deck. I was met by a white and clean, with my staunch friend (the pilot) and his officers, all in full fig, walking towards me, the awning, a most magnificent naval barge, being thirty-two feet wide at the gangway, a deck being fifty feet or more aft, until it narrowed to a point at the taffarel. We were all, the two main-deck men, excellent men, decent respectable men in every way, including, graciously received, and sat down to an excellent dinner, Mr. Bang taking the lead in all the fun; and we were just on the point of going ashore, when the first lieutenant, who was on board, said that the Captain of the port was then on board.

'Shew him in,' said Captain N—, and a tall, vulgar-looking blackamoer, dressed apparently in the cast-off coat of a French grenadier officer, entered the cabin with his chapeau in his hand, and a Madras handkerchief tied round his woolly skull. He made his bow, and remained standing near the door.

'You are the Captain of the port?' said Captain N—, in French. The man nodded. 'Why, then take a chair, sir, if you please.'

He begged to be excused, and after tipping off his bumper of claret, and receiving the Captain's report, he made his bow and departed.

SCENES ON SHORE.

I returned to the Wave, and next morning I breakfasted on board of the Commodore, and afterwards we all proceeded on shore to Monsieur B—'s, to whom Massa Aaron was known. The town, if I may call it so, had certainly a very desolate appearance. There was nothing stirring; and although a group of idlers, amounting to about twenty or thirty, did collect about us on the end of the wharf, which, by the by, was terribly out of repair, yet they all appeared ill clad, and in no way so well furnished as the blacks in Jamaica; and when we marched up through a hot, sandy, unpaved street into the town, the low, one-story, shabby looking houses were falling into decay, and the streets more resembling river-courses than thoroughfares, while the large carrion crows were picking garbage on the very crown of the causeway, without apparently entertaining the least fear of us, or of the negro children who were playing close to them, so near in fact, that every now and then one of the urchins would aim a blow at one of the obscene birds, when it would give a loud discordant croak, and jump a pace or two, with outspread wings, but without taking wing. Still many of the women, who were sitting under the small piazzas, or projecting eaves of the houses, with their little stalls, filled with pullicate handkerchiefs, and pieces of muslin, and gingham for sale, were healthy looking, and appeared comfortable and happy. As we advanced into the town, almost every male we met was a soldier, all rigged and well dressed, too, in the French uniform; in fact, the remarkable man, King Henry, or Christophe, took care to have his troops well fed and clothed in every case. On our way we had to pass by the Commandant, Baron B—'s house, when it occurred to Captain N— that we ought to stop and pay our respects; but Mr. Bang being bound by no such etiquette, bore up for his friend Monsieur B—'s. As we approached the house—a long, low, one-story building, with a narrow piazza, and a range of unglazed windows, staring open, with their wooden shutters, like ports in a ship's side, towards the street—we found a sentry at the door, who, when we announced ourselves, carried arms all in regular style. Presently a very good looking negro, in a handsome aide-de-camp's uniform, appeared, and hat in hand, with all the grace in the world, ushered us into the presence of the Baron, who was lounging in a Spanish chair half asleep, but on hearing us announced he rose, and received us with great amenity. He was a fat elderly negro, so far as I could judge, about sixty years of age, and was dressed in very wide jean trousers, over which a pair of well-polished Hessian boots were drawn, which, by adorning close to his legs, gave him, in contrast with the wide puffing of his garments above, the appearance of being underlimbed, which he by no means was, as he was a stout old Turk.

After a profusion of bows and fine speeches, and superabundant assurances of the esteem in which his master King Henry held our master King George, we made our bows and repaired to Monsieur B—'s, where I was engaged to dine. As for Captain—, he went on board that evening to superintend the repairs of the ship.

There was no one to meet us but Monsieur B— and his daughter, a tall and very elegant brown girl, who had been educated in France, and did the honours incomparably well. We sat down, Massa Aaron whispering in my *tug*, that in Jamaica it was not quite the thing to introduce brown ladies at dinner; but as he said, 'Why not? Neither you nor I are high caste Creoles—so en avant.' Dinner was nearly over, when Baron B—'s aide-de-camp slid into the room.—Monsieur B— rose. 'Captain Latour, you are welcome—be seated. I hope you have not dined?'

'Why, no,' said the negro officer, as he drew a chair, while he exchanged glances with the beautiful Eugénie, and set himself down close to *El Señor Bang*. 'Hillo, Quashie! Whereaway, my lad? a little above the salt, an't you?' ejaculated our *Amigo*; while Pégtop, who had just come on shore, and was standing behind his master, stared and gaped in the greatest wonderment. But Mr. Bang's natural good breeding, and knowledge of the world, instantly recalled him to time and circumstances; and when the young officer looked at him, and regarded him with some surprise, he bowed, and invited him, in the best French he could muster, to drink wine. The aide-de-camp was, as I have said, jet black as the ace of spades, but he was, notwithstanding, so far as figure went, a very handsome man—tall and well framed, especially about the shoulders, which were beautifully formed, and, in the estimation of a statuary, would probably have balanced the cucumber curve of the shin; his face, however, was regular negro—flat nose, heavy lips, fine eyes, and beautiful teeth, and he wore two immense gold ear-rings. His woolly head was bound round with a pullicate handkerchief, which we had not noticed until he took off his laced cocked hat. His coat was the exact pattern of the French staff uniform at the time—plain blue, without lace, except at the cape and cuffs, which were of scarlet cloth, covered with red embroidery. He wore a very handsome straight

sword with steel scabbard, and the white trousers, and long Hessian boots, already described as part of the costume of his general.

Mr. Bang, as I have said, had rallied by this time, and with the tact of a gentleman, appeared to have forgotten whether his new ally was black, blue, or green, while the claret, stimulating him into self-possession, was evaporating in broken French. But his man Pégtop had been pushed off his balance altogether; his equanimity was utterly gone. When the young officer brushed past him, at the first go off, while he was rinsing some glasses in the passage, his sword banged against Pégtop's *derriere* as he stooped down over his work. He started and looked round, and merely exclaimed—'Eigh, Massa Niger worra dat!' But now, when standing behind his master's chair, he saw the aide-de-camp consorting with him whom he looked upon as the greatest man in existence, on terms of equality, all his faculties were paralysed. 'Pégtop,' said I, 'hand me some yam, if you please.' He looked at me all agape, as if he had been half strangled.

THE HIGHLANDER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

Mr. Galt's caricature of the Gael and the Sassenach, from which some quotations were made in the *Atlas* of 25th ult. is continued in our last received Blackwood, and we supply, with revision as before, some other amusing scenes.—*Atlas*.

'When the M'Goul reached the pier of Leith, it was in the grey of a misty dawn, or, as it would have been called in England, a showery morning. Steam vessels had then been of recent invention, and the one in which he, with his tail, proposed to embark, who [was] to sail that day. The boiler was, in consequence, awake, and hissing from the mast head; but, as the Chief said, 'there was not another mother's son mudding in the vessel.' This obliged him, with Pharick the piper, and Donald the man, to walk the decks, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, till it pleased one of the men, after they were drenched to the skin, to look up from a hatchway and enquire what they wanted.

'Is this al your shivility?' cried the angry chief. 'Don't you feel what we want, umph? We want a dry.'

'A dry,' said the sailor, either pawkily, or in simplicity, there is no such a thing here.'

However the mariner or engineer, or whatever he was, ascended on deck, and opened the cabin companion, telling his preter-natural visitors that they might go below, to shelter themselves from the rain.

'Ay, and we will too,' cried the indignant Chief; and, followed by his attendants, he descended the companion stairs into the cabin.

Soon after the other passengers came on board; and our Celtic friend was appressed by the bustle and hilarity with which the vessel got under weigh. By the time he had partaken of some repast, and as they were paddling merrily down the Frith, Donald had conducted Pharick to the servants' cabin, taking care to let it be well known in the ship that their master was no other than the M'Goul of Inverstrone in the Western Highlands.

This news soon spread among the inmates of the vessel, and yound and old, with all degrees of Edinburgh lawyers, and men who had been shooting in the Highlands, regarded with awe and apprehension the redoubtable Chief, as he doffed his bonnet on the one side, and flourishing his cane majestically as he walked the deck. But notwithstanding all his bravery, the sad sea influences were at work within him; and, in the very act of shouting for his man Donald, instead of words, all the scraps and crumbs of which he had so lately partaken, were poured forth. He was suddenly smitten with a sore seasickness, inasmuch that he rather felt than sat on one of the benches, crying—'Och hou! I'll die! I'll fever and die immediately!'

Whether Donald and Pharick were in the same condition we have not heard; but the wind began to blow, and the Chief began to spout as the vessel stood more and more to sea. At last Donald pale and woe-begone, came to his assistance, and enquired if he could in any way serve him.

'Stop the vessel,' cried the Chief, 'I am a dying man. Stop the vessel—stop her—'

'How can I stop her,' cried Donald, with something like a sardonic grin, 'when a man with a big stick is kitting her up behind?'

To this sapient reply the Chieftain could only utter an interjection of despair; but towards the evening he grew better, and the wind freshening, the steamer ploughed the waves at a noble rate. All those who had felt the spell of the ocean, and confessed its power, began to stir with new life; and the M'Goul, recovering from his affliction, like the Spring in Thomson's Seasons—

—'looked out and smiled.'

In the evening of the second day the steamer entered the Thames; and exactly at forty-nine hours and seventeen minutes, she came to her anchorage at Blackwall. But what befel our friend in London is matter for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Among the resuscitations which happened on board the steamer after she entered the smooth waters of the Thames, and was cheerily paddling up the river, was that Mr. Jubal M'Allister, the writer, going on the celebrated appeal case of the firkin of butter, from the Court of Session to the House of Lords; and the first thing he did after recovering from his internal controversy of the voyage, was to make an acquaintance with Roderick, the chief, of whose greatness he

had heard some account, from the story which Donald, the man, had circulated on board the vessel.

His address in effecting this was inevitable. He saw the M'Goul looking towards the shore of the Thames, as if a pitiless northwest shower was exciting the muscles of his face; and going towards him, he stood by his side, and began to look to it also.—Then he said, in an interjectional manner, but loud enough to make the Chief hear him, 'What a beautiful verdant country!' and turning round in a surprisingly modest manner, he remarked to the M'Goul that it was a delightful contrast to see the fields so green after their traverse on the blue ocean waters.

The Chief looked over his left shoulder, and seeing from whom the observation came, said, 'Umph!'

So intellectual an interlocutor was highly gratifying to Mr. M'Allister, and induced him still further to observe, with equal originality and pathos, that 'England was a very fine country.'

'Fine country!' said our friend, 'I see no hills at all.'

'Yes,' said Mr. M'Allister; 'it wants but these to be a Paradise.'

The Chief again looked at him over his shoulder, and replied, 'I would not give a snuff mull for a land without hills and heather; tann it if I would!'

'Certainly,' said the lawyer, 'heather mountains are romantic and beautiful in their proper place.'

'You are a very shivilized gentleman,' said Roderick, 'and that testifies you have a nerve. What is the use of a country if it has't hills? Now, I would not give an old gill-stoup for one all green, only that it's goot for hay and black cattle.'

Thus, from less to more, the ice being broke, Mr. Jubal M'Allister and the M'Goul were jocose friends long before the James Watt reached her moorings; and lucky it was for the Chief that he had fallen in with so renowned a member of the blue and yellow fraternity, for he had come from his own castle of Inverstrone to the river of London without condescending to think that it was at all necessary to institute any enquiry relative to the metropolis. He had heard of many people going to London, but never of one who thought it necessary to enquire respecting the usages of the land. Mr. M'Allister, however, set him right, and with great politeness offered to be of any use to him in his power before he went to Fenny Park; and being impressed with the importance of a Chieftain attended by his henchman and piper, he thought he could do no less than recommend him to take up his abode in the Clarendon Hotel, Bond Street.

'I hope,' said the M'Goul, 'it's a goot house—no sand crunching upon the floor, nor the rafters plack with peat reek.'

'Oh,' replied Mr. M'Allister, 'you will find yourself as comfortable in it as in your own castle.'

'Umph,' said the Chief, and matteringly added, 'that is no gratification, but we'll mend the sklate py and py.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' replied Mr. M'Allister, 'Inverstrone Castle is a very ancient pie.'

'Ay, ay,' said the Chief, 'it was a castle—curse take me if I know when.'

Having landed, they proceeded, accompanied by Donald the man, Pharick the piper, and their other luggage, in a coach, to the Clarendon Hotel, where they were ushered in due order into a suite of apartments, the elegance of which so fascinated our hero, that he walked about in the sitting room, flourishing his cane and whistling 'the White Cockade,' not believing it possible that he was then in a public-house. However, the state of his appetite reminded him of the circumstance, and with his wonted hospitality, he requested the Edinburgh lawyer to ask the waiter to bring something to eat, 'for,' said he, as an apology for being daunted at his smart appearance, 'you know the gentleman may not understand my English language.'

Mr. M'Allister did as he was desired, and took the opportunity of giving the orders, to let the waiter know the rank and greatness of the guest; accordingly, while spreading the table with some refreshment, the lad, never having seen a kilted Chieftain before, with a diffident air enquired at M'Goul, what he would be pleased to order for his attendants.

'Oh,' said the Chief, 'give them a bit of salmon, with moorfool, and any thing.'

Which the waiter, making him a lowly bow, immediately went to execute, and afterwards returned into the room followed by Donald and Pharick. The former not being much accustomed to waiting at table, posted himself with his sword drawn erect as a sentinel at the door, while the latter, during the repast, regaled them with divers melodious pibrochs. It was evident from the appearance of the different waiters who came into the room, that, accustomed as they are at the Clarendon to extraordinary visitors, they had never seen such a one before. Mr. M'Allister was also a little awed by the scene, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and accidentally learning that the Chief had not informed Mr. Stukely of his intended avator, undertook to do so, in order that the reception of a Chief might be suitable to his station. 'For,' said he to Roderick, 'it will never do for one of your consequence to go in upon him without warning; it is required by your rank that you should go in a proper manner, for the English do not know what a Chief is.'

'Ou ay,' said the M'Goul, 'I am a consequential man; the M'Goul, py —, is the M'Goul al the world over.'

Accordingly a letter from Mr. Jubal M'Allister himself was written to Mr. Stukely of Fenny Park, enclosed in an envelope, and sealed with the Chieftain's large seal of arms, displaying of course the sup-

porters, and was sent to the post-office. This circumstance, in itself not particularly important, occasioned much speculation at the mansion of the quondam sheriff. It was received as a communication from an archduke or an emperor; the manner in which the letter was made up shewed that it was written by a person well skilled in the diplomatic arts, and the seal betokened the pride, pomp, and circumstance of chieftainship; moreover, as great men are not good at writing, it was written from the Chieftain by what was deemed one of his suite. Great bustle in consequence ensued; the best bed-room was put in order, and suitable apartments for the chieftain's attendants. All the neighbouring gentry who had newly come into the country were invited to dine with him, and nothing was heard of from the turnpike gate to the aulhouse, but the grandeur and glory of the approaching visitor.

In the meantime, Mr. Jubal M'Allister having safely left the Chief and his tail at the Clarendon, retired to his accustomed haunt in Holme's Hotel in Parliament Street. There he made himself an object of envy, by rehearsing to his compeers from the Parliament House, with whom he had been associating, and where he had been, interspersing his recital with barbaric pearl and gold, and affecting mightily to laugh at the uncouthness of the Chief, while in the core of his heart he felt an inexpressible glow of reflection, and an augmentation of importance. But, as our narration comparatively has little respect towards him, we shall not enlarge on this topic, but return to the M'Goul, the more immediate object of our worship, who in due time, with Donald and Pharick, went to sleep; and by his felicitations in the morning, it appeared that he had never passed so comfortable a night. At first it was his intention to have gone at once from London to Fenny Park, but Mr. M'Allister had taught him to understand that a proceeding of this kind was an unbecoming familiarity that ought not to be practised towards such new-made gentlemen as he understood Mr. Stukely was; and in consequence, in announcing his arrival at the Clarendon Hotel, intimation was given, that he would, as soon as possible, not fail to pay his respects at Fenny Park. The exact day was not specified, that time might be allowed to prepare for his reception, and also that he might see something of the metropolis before he went thither.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

Dr. Reese, in his new publication, gives the following directions for preventing or alleviating a visitation of the malady.

'First. That as the remote cause exhibited itself first in filthy neighbourhoods, the Corporation should, before the warm weather commences, see that our streets, lanes, alleys, yards, and houses, are thoroughly cleansed and ventilated, and that all our docks, ships, wharves, and sewers, be carefully purified, and kept so by the vigilant inspection and authority of officers appointed for that purpose.

Secondly. They should also see that all marshes, pools, or ponds of standing water, should be drained and filled up early in the Spring, and wherever there are filthy stables, whether for horses or cows, or pens in which swine are kept, they should be removed from the city, unless their filthiness can be prevented.

Thirdly. Let our constituted authorities absolutely prohibit the traffic in *ardent spirits*, by wholesale or retail, in any population, great or small, when the approach of Cholera is threatened. If this cannot be done in anticipation, it should by all means be enforced on the first appearance of the disease in any city, town or village.

Fourthly. Let all our prisons, alms-houses, or other crowded apartments, as those of the poor especially, be daily subjected to inspection, cleansing and ventilation, and let special attention be paid to the quality of the meat and other articles of provision.

Fifthly. Let physicians be appointed and stationed, day and night, in every neighbourhood, on the first appearance of the epidemic, to be accessible at all times by the poor, for the treatment of the premonitory symptoms, and let the plan of treatment be agreed on by the Medical Department of the Board of Health, requiring uniform and discreet depletion, and absolutely forbidding the use of opium or ardent spirits, either as a preventive or cure, except under such restrictions as said department might accurately define.

Sixthly. Let clean hospital buildings be provided convenient to every section, to which those who by neglect of the premonitory symptoms, or mismanagement or imprudence of any kind, shall suffer an attack, may be promptly sent, and let the plan of treatment be defined and enforced; and on any extensive fatality occurring in any one of these, let there be an immediate change in the professional head of the Medical Department.

Seventhly. Let measures be taken to enlighten the people generally in the nature of the disease, its causes and curable character, and especially its non-contagiousness, and this may be done by the circulation of handbills and tracts.

Eighthly. Let a system of diet and regimen be promulgated according to the dictates of enlightened science, and let this system be recommended through the clergymen of every congregation, especially insisting upon total abstinence from all stimulating or astringent drinks.

If these, or equivalent means be employed in anticipation, or on the first appearance of the epidemic in any place, its prevalence will be greatly diminished, if not entirely removed. But if our municipal authorities will neglect their duty, until the filth of our streets, wharves, and other public places, becomes proverbial,

es during the past summer, and only begin their activity and zeal when the miasma has been generated, the mischief will be to a great extent irreparable; and the very processes of cleaning to which they may afterwards resort, too often will be found only to aggravate the rage of the epidemic. And if the Corporation, amid the devastations of another scourge, should it again sweep through our city, will continue to sanction the sale and use of spirituous liquors in such perilous times, as was done in New York by three thousand licensed dealers; then, we may expect a repetition of the calamitous results which spread such a gloom over our city and country during the last summer; for experience has shown how short is the transition from the grog-shop to the hospital, to the grave, and to perdition.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1835.

BLACK-HAWKIANA.

Since the President of the United States left the city, nothing has been thought of or talked of, but Black Hawk. While the former distinguished personage remained, public admiration was divided between the two. It was then, "Have you seen General Jackson?"—"Have you seen Black Hawk?"—Public opinion and public curiosity was then pretty well balanced between them. Some inclined to the President, as being the greatest lion of the day; while others would have it that the Indian Chief was deserving of more especial regard.

Even on the day when General Jackson arrived, and one hundred and fifty thousand people had collected on the Battery and in the streets to see His Excellency; the very name of Black Hawk would draw off their attention, and make them forget for a moment what went they out for to see. An amusing instance of this kind took place in Broadway. Some waggish boy, who was sitting astride of an awning beam, seeing a black man passing on horseback, raised the cry of "Black Hawk! Black Hawk!" when all eyes were turned towards the negro, who at first felt very much astonished to find himself all at once elevated into so distinguished a character. But presently recollecting himself, he resolved to support the character assigned him. He began to touch his hat, to bow right and left, and to smile graciously and display his ivory to the multitude; and so well did he act his part, that many began to believe him to be the veritable Chief whose name had at first been fixed upon him by way of hoax; and the cry of "Black Hawk! Black Hawk!"—Hurrah for Black Hawk! resounded and continued along the lanes for some time; until the negro, beginning to weary of the empty honor, refused to bow, to touch his hat, or to smile any longer.

On Friday, the day Black Hawk arrived, an immense crowd was collected on the Battery, and in Castle Garden, to catch a sight of him. But, as it happened, he did not enter the Garden; and the people, who had paid a dollar for admission with the expectation of seeing both him and General Jackson, thought they had a right to demand half their money back; though the sight of Mr. Durant, ascending in his balloon, was worth at least twice that sum.

Being disappointed of seeing Black Hawk at the Garden, the people rushed in crowds to the Exchange Hotel, determined to catch a sight of him there at all events. Never was there such a jam in Broad-street before. It was next to impossible to get Black Hawk and his companions from the barouche to the house. Every body pressed forward to see and touch them. Nor were the people willing to depart after the Indians were safely housed, and there was no longer any chance of seeing them. They continued to hang round till late in the evening; and the next day came again in crowds, and filled the street in front of the house, watching from morning till night to catch a glimpse of the objects of their curiosity. But Black Hawk and his fellows obstinately refused to show themselves at the windows, and the crowd retired again disappointed.

It was amusing to hear the remarks of different persons on the subject. "Have you seen Black Hawk?" said one dandy-looking fellow, who was peering through a quizzing-glass, to another who was similarly employed.

"No, dem me!" replied the latter, drawing up his waist gills—"I haven't seen a feather of the dem'd Hawk, curse me if I have."

"Just the case with me, by heavens!" returned the first. "If you'll believe me, I've wore out two quizzing glasses, out and out, trying to catch a sight of the bird—I have 'pon honor—and hang me, if I've seen hide or hair of him yet."

"Have you seen the Black Hawk?" said one honest old lady to another, both of whom had made an excuse to bring a few dozen eggs to the market, for no other reason than to get a sight of the "strange bird," of whom they had heard so much talk.

"Seen him! no," said the second. "He's the

shiest critter I ever heard of. I've been watchin' two days, and haven't got a sight on him yet. I've seen hen-hawks, and pigeon-hawks, and fish-hawks; but I never seed a black hawk in all my life, and that's what makes me so earnest to see him."

"What a strange bird he must be!" said the first. "And what strange folks them are that keeps him too! Why, they wouldn't let a body see him neither for love nor money, nor any kind of marketing. Now, as true as I'm alive, I offered the landlord of the Hotel a whole dozen of eggs if he'd let me see the hawk just for one minute—and he wouldn't do it."

"Do it! no," returned the second—"and then moreover do you know they keep six constables, I think they call them, with long white poles, painted black at one end, jest to guard the hawk. Only think of that! six constables to guard one single hawk! I wonder what they're afraid on."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the other, "whether it is, they're afraid the hawk will eat the people, or the people will eat the hawk. It must be one or t'other."

A black fellow, whom we overheard conversing with another of the same color, had been more fortunate than the old ladies or the dandies. On being asked the usual question, whether he had seen Black Hawk? he replied, "Yes, Cuff, I seen him."

"You have, ha!" said the latter, rather surprised—"Wal, Pomp, how'd he look?"

"Oh, very much like a man, Cuff."

"Like a man, ha, Pomp?"

"Yes, very much like a man—very much like you and I, Cuff—only he nose a little more Roman, he shin a little more trait, he lip not quite so tick, and he hair not quite so woolly by a jug full."

"I 'pose he black as de dibble, Pomp?"

"Oh no, Cuff, you're mistaken dere—at least I tink so, Cuff. I never seed de dibble to be sure, so I can't tell how dark colored he is. But I 'pose he bout as black as you, Cuff."

"Oh, now, Pomp! Didn't you never hear de story of de pot and de kittle?"

"No, Cuff."

"Never hear it?"

"Pon my honor, Cuff."

"Pon my sacred honor?"

"Pon my sacred honor, Cuff."

"Well, Pomp, den I say no more about it, sept dat de pot he have no right to call de kittle black."

"Why, Cuff, what a long peller you make about nuffin. But I tell you once for all, dat Black Hawk, after all de fuss de newspapers make about him, is no more to be compare to you for color dan a swan is to a crow."

"Fie! fie! Pomp, wat fools de people are."

SOLDIERS ON THE BATTERY.

It is not our intention to describe the ceremonies of the last week, on the reception of the President; and our only object in alluding to the subject, is, to express our abhorrence of the conduct of the military on the Battery—an abhorrence in which we only share with tens of thousands of other citizens, who were alike exposed to the tyranny, insolence, and brutality of the soldiers on that occasion.

In the first place, the military commanders have no right whatever to turn the Battery into a parade-ground. That beautiful promenade, prepared at so much expense by the people, is intended especially for the accommodation, the comfort, and the pleasure of those who choose to walk there in a quiet and civil manner; and permit others to do the same. It was never intended for the parade of cavalry, artillery, and foot soldiers, who should keep out the citizens at the point of the sword or the bayonet. A horse should never, at any time, be permitted on the grounds, except so far as is necessary to repair and keep them in order. The beauty of the promenade requires this regulation. The walks and the grass plats should never be trodden up by the hoofs of horses. Indeed the city authorities are so very particular as to put up advertisements on the trees, warning all persons not to set foot on the grass plats, for fear of injuring them. And here—what consistency!—whole companies of cavalry and artillery are all at once turned into the grounds, to tear up and ruin the walks and the grass-plats with the hoofs of their horses! The injury done to the Battery cannot again be repaired during the present season. Never were grounds in more beautiful condition—never were they greener, fresher, and smoother, than on the day previous to the parade of the soldiery; and never did they appear so rough and so torn up, so dry and withered, as on the succeeding day.

But the injury done to the Battery was comparatively nothing to that done to the people in depriving them of the comfort and pleasure of using their own grounds. An army in possession of their own lawful encampment, or a foreign soldiery who had just taken possession of a place, could not have lorded it with more insolence or maintained their ground with

more tenacity, than these soldiers of a day kept possession of the public walks which they had usurped. Their lines were drawn across the various avenues leading to Castle Garden and to the water; and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of citizens, who had gone down with the intention of entering the Garden, where they might have an opportunity of seeing the President on his landing, were kept out by the soldiery. The proprietor of the Garden was thus deprived of his just profits, and the citizens of their just rights. And for what? Merely that a few hundred men, who happened to be clad in regimentals, and have arms in their hands, might display their "brief authority," and show the extent of their power by the height of their insolence.

But it was not depriving the people of their rights only. The soldiers, in many instances, behaved with unpardonable rudeness and brutality. We saw them driving back the unarmed and peaceable citizens with sword and bayonet—citizens who had gone to view the landing of, and to welcome, the Chief Magistrate, on their own grounds! And when the citizens were not sufficiently ready to acknowledge the authority of the soldiers, or could not hastily retreat in consequence of the great crowd in the rear, they were struck with the sword, or pricked with the bayonet. Some were severely injured in this way, and hundreds felt the lawless weapon directed in one way or other against their persons. Remonstrance was in vain. Complaints were only met with oaths, fresh violence, and increased brutality. It made one's blood hot to look on; and weapons only were wanting in the hands of the oppressed, to have produced resistance to the arbitrary conduct of the soldiery.

We shudder to think what might have been the consequence. But it will not do, in a government like ours, where the people understand their just rights, and are determined to maintain them, for soldiers thus to set themselves up over citizens; and it is well that the former should learn in time to respect the just rights and privileges of the latter. Our word for it, the people will not submit again to such insolence and usurpation. If these young men in regimentals wish to show their prowess, let it be on some occasion and in some spot where they will not interfere with the rights and comforts of the citizens. The Battery is their peculiar ground; and is not to be torn up and ruined by the hoofs of horses; nor taken possession of, to the exclusion of the people, by the arms of an insolent and overbearing soldiery.

A STEAMBOAT SCENE.

BLACK HAWK'S ARRIVAL AT BALTIMORE.

The Daily Advertiser of that city gives an amusing account of occurrences at the approach of the vessel to the wharf at Baltimore.

"* * * * Crowds of pedestrians and carriages innumerable choked every approach to the usual landing place, when suddenly the boat changed her course, and appeared as if making for the opposite shore. The crowd followed her movements, and carriages and foot-passengers pushed confusedly for the point to which they seemed destined; but scarcely had the crowd altered its direction, when again the boat altered hers, and those on shore again followed. This vacillation was repeated several times, and the effect of its imitation by the multitude, now every instant growing more and more thick, is indescribable. Ere long the cause was discovered, and this only appeared to increase both the curiosity of the crowd and its numbers. From some of the passengers we have gathered information of what this cause was, and the following, we believe, will be found a correct account of it.

A well-dressed man, with three exceedingly well-dressed and well-looking ladies, took passage at Norfolk, and the ladies of his party, being early applicants, secured a choice state room for themselves. At Richmond two of the ladies left the boat, and the one who remained exercised towards a fellow-passenger, who was unprovided with a berth, attentions so fascinating, that the unprovided lady was most happy to avail herself of the opening left by two of the three mysterious beauties, who had gone from on board at Richmond. The newly acquainted ladies, therefore, was safely chummed together in their fine state-room, where we will leave them and turn our attention to the gentleman of the three mysterious beauties. He, good soul, was most agreeably occupied at faro, with certain boon companions. He had been attempting to seduce into the game a traveller whom he had heard boasting of a gain of three hundred and sixty dollars, but in vain. A friend of the traveller played, however, and nearly broke the faro-bank, by winning sixty dollars—whereupon the man of the three mysterious beauties shut up his shop and 'would play no more,' although he affected to make light of his losses, which he 'could easily repair at the next races,' and then went on gambling with his own set for grog.—These evolutions had already begun to excite suspicion, when an alarm was made, that the lady-passen-

ger whom the remaining one of the ladies of him of the mysterious three had patronised, was minus a reticule, with a purse in it containing one hundred and ten dollars! She missed it in seeking to pay for something, and was sorely troubled to find herself pennyless. The indignation expressed, however, by all who heard of it, seemed to produce a magical effect. First, the reticule was found, but no purse; next, lying close to one of the berths, a bank note for one hundred dollars, but no ten. After this, the lady patroness, the last of the three mysterious beauties, no more appeared on deck.

The gentlemen now began to look about them.—Presently the three hundred and sixty dollar speculator, discovered that all his money, nearly a dollar's worth a day for one whole year, had vanished. Some, at the same time, found out that they were four, some three, and some smaller and others larger sums, out of pocket, and a search was called for. The captain himself lost ten dollars, with the wallet containing it, out of the fob of his pantaloons, and even poor Black Hawk, or the Prophet, or some of the Royal Party, had been deprived of what was understood to be the entire of his Majesty's treasury, two dollars; and the Red Chieftains seconded with much earnestness the general desire for scrutiny.—The only opposer was the man of the faro and the beauties. He thought it "insulting, Gentlemen ought never to submit to such indignities. It was quite disgusting." Nevertheless, a boat was despatched to the city for officers. Three came on board, and the search began. The boat entered the basin just after eleven—the passengers did not land till near one; so that this examination took upwards of an hour and a half; during which time the boat was beating about in the sight of countless multitudes on the shore, who were watching and following every turn.

After the most anxious investigation, during which some of the passengers were running about with their coat flaps brought over their arms, in front of them, for fear of being unknowingly invested with the stolen goods, as Benjamin of old was with Joseph's cup, a discovery was made which appeared for an instant to fasten the crime upon a friendless Hibernian. The luggage of the son of St. Patrick consisted only of one dirty shirt. This he was reluctant to expose, and when almost the whole of the sum, three \$100 notes, and certain smaller ones, were found in the rude envelope, poor Paddy was looked upon as entitled to no mercy. But here a fresh difficulty arose. The notes which had been lost were of different banks from those which had been found. No matter; what cannot an Irishman do in the way of transmogrification?—What business had a man with only one dirty shirt, to wear so much money in it unless it were stolen? And might not the notes have been changed into the stealing? Paddy's notes were detained and the passengers allowed to land.

During all this confusion, when the affair was explained to the Indian Chiefs, they exhibited intense interest in the inquiry and the result. It was proposed that they should land apart from the other passengers, but they declined, until the scrutiny should be completed. They insisted, also, upon being searched among the rest, although it was desired to spare them the inconvenience. Throughout the passage, indeed, their conduct was exceedingly agreeable. They exhibited signs of evident delight at what they witnessed of the boat and the scenery, and the civilities of the passengers, and when left by themselves now and then, on the deck, got into very animated and apparently gratifying conversation. They shook hands readily with all who approached them; and dignified several of the ladies when presented, with the distinguished compliment of "pretty squaw, pretty squaw."

The son of Black Hawk, a man of very noble presence, seemed to take much pride in a pearl head ornament which had been presented to him by a Virginia belle, whose name he always pronounced when it was alluded to, with a smile of satisfaction.

But it remains for us to relate the conclusion of the adventures of the voyage. The search was continued notwithstanding the capture of Paddy's shirt and treasure; and in the forward part of the boat, in the box containing the chain cable, the whole sum, amounting to three hundred and sixty dollars, with the pocket-book belonging to it, was at length found, having evidently been flung there by design, while the search was going on. So Paddy got back, not only his shirt and his notes, but his character, and lots of pity and of apologies into the bargain."

CANDIDATES.—"Who's that Mr. Scattering that always get a few votes at our town meetings," inquired an old lady a few days since of her spouse, as she was busily employed in perusing a newspaper. "I don't know," said he, "nor I never did, and I think people have been trying to elect him as a candidate for town vote."—*Dedham Patriot.*

DESCRIPTION OF A DELINQUENT SUB-AGENT.—He was once a trader, drank now a town pauper.—ib.

PARK THEATRE.—We have but sufficient space to say that this Theatre was crowded on Wednesday evening, with beauty and fashion, to witness the combination of talent as set forth for the farewell benefit of Mr. Barry, who we think must feel highly gratified by the result. The new opera of *Fia Diavolo* must remain until our next publication.

Does the Editor of the *Middlesex Gazette* know where the story of Scornful Molly Gray, contained in his paper of the 12th inst. originated?

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

A Worshipper of the Muses.—Mike Smith, a ragged young urchin, who, though hardly able to peep over the bar, has been in custody more than a dozen times for petty thefts, was charged at Marlborough street Office, by William King, an industrious cobbler and ginger-beer maker, with having stolen a bottle of "ginger pop" from his stall.

The prosecutor declared, that the neighbourhood of his stall was so infested with young "warmints," that he found it utterly impossible to turn an honest penny by his "ginger pop;" for if his eyes were off the board for an instant, he was sure to discover that a bottle or two had suddenly vanished. While he was busily employed on Monday last, he happened to cast his eyes where the "ginger pop" stood, when he was very much surprised to see a bottle move off the board, without any person apparently being within sight. Upon looking out at the door, the mystery was explained, for there he saw the young delinquent making a rapid retreat on all-fours, with the "ginger pop," the cork of which had flown out, fizzing out of his breeches' pocket. After a smart chase, he overtook him, and then proceeded to examine the contents of his pinafore, which was bundled round him. This led to the discovery, that the young prisoner had been on a most successful forage for a dinner. He had a delicate piece of pickled pork, a couple of eggs, part of a loaf, and a handsome china basin, all of which he admitted was the result of his morning's labours.

The boy having been already remanded for a week, The Magistrate, upon learning that his parents were quite unable to keep him from the streets, ordered that he should be detained until some arrangements were made with the parish to which he belonged.

The boy, when removed to the lock-up room, (which familiarity had taught him to regard with indifference) amused himself in giving vent to a poetical inspiration, in the following admonitory distich, which he scratched on the wall:—

"Him as prigs wot isn't his'n,
Wen he's catcht'd vil go to pris'n."

Eloquence.—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana Legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity, has seldom been surpassed:

"Mr. Speaker: The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embrace of Morpheus, and ere the portals of the East are unbarred, or bright Phoebus rises in all his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs are destroyed!"—*Ohio Republican.*

[We suppose that it would be rudeness to entertain a doubt of the facts of this anecdote.]

Parliamentary Oratory.—"Sir," continued Mr. Jones, "I will not waste the incalculably valuable time of the House—(a general cry of 'hear')—by any observations of an irrelevant tendency, but will at once proceed to the subject of the debate, the diabolical, the life destroying tendency of the slave trade. ('Hear,' and a laugh.) Can he who tortures his fellow-creatures be ranked among mankind? He may wear the form of a man, but his kindness, sir, I should very much question. (A laugh and a another cough.) The conduct of him who beats his slave beats any thing. (Question, question?) Gentlemen may cry question, but it won't answer. I will neither be unceremoniously taken up or rudely put down by any one of you."—*English pap.*

SMOKING.—Scene in a Stage Coach.—(In Virginia—the day hot—a gentleman comes into the stage where there are eight passengers, with a cigar in his mouth.)

"Gentlemen, I hope I do not incommode you,"—puff, puff, puff—smoke—smoke.

Answer. "Not at all sir," was the reply of a gentleman who had hitherto kept silent,—"not at all, sir." (The coach goes on, full of smoke—all taking long breaths—and by and by a most fetid odor arises.)

"What's that," asks the cigar-smoker, "that hateful odor?"

Answer. "Assafoetida, sir, I am regaling myself. I hope I don't incommode you sir."

The smoker. "That's too good,"—(away goes the cigar—and the good temper of the company is restored.)—*Portland Eve. Adv.*

TRAVELLING INCOG.—The Boston Morning Post states, that it has lately become quite fashionable for editorial articles to go the rounds of the papers incog.—a custom, however, "more honoured in the breach than the observance."—*Lowell Journal.*

ALARMING.—An idea has been started in a distant part of the country, and we are sorry to say is fast gaining ground, that a person is under no moral obligation to pay *Printers' Bills*! We enter our protest against such an unheard-of doctrine.—*Id.*

ELECTRICAL CATS.—A Vermont editor thus "pokes fun" at the American minister at Constantinople for his account of the Angora cats.

How some folks want to appear "scientific." Commodore Porter is running the Turkish Court with experiments upon an Angora cat—and has made the important discovery, that this cat possesses a power similar to the electrical cell—and the editor of the Boston Centinel says, if the Maltese and the Angora cats are similar, several have been brought to Boston by vessels from the Mediterranean. For the information of Mr. Adams, we will tell him that the Maltese cat was introduced into this country twelve years ago, and that one of the breed 'up here in Vermont' was so shocking, that his owner was obliged to have a lightning rod placed on him, running parallel with his spine, and terminating at the extremity of his tail, in order to conduct off the electric fluid, and keep him from "knocking folks down." It was dangerous then, to be behind him. He accidentally met his death, by coming in contact with a cask of gunpowder.

Jim Crow used up.—Eagrine Company (Despatch) No. 9, accompanied by Engine Company No. 4, of Charlestown, paraded on Monday, and marched to Roxbury for target shooting. Jim Crow having been found guilty of extravagant and unnatural distortion of the human figure and "human face divine," and having imitated colored humanity most abominably, was led out to the slaughter. Poor Jim's dying speech was humorously plaintive, and moved the spectators "pretty considerably." We remember but one paragraph, and we quote that as a fair sample of the whole:—

Oh! hard for nigger,
But such a fate be mine,
To be dragged out and shot
By Despatch No. 9—
Then wheel about, &c.

Jim was done up in the most approved manner—his death was not slow. He received 70 shot, out 165, at 55 paces distance, and never shed a tear.—*Boston Transcript.*

MATRIMONIALS.

Fraser's Magazine supplies the article annexed:

"We give the following as we received it, omitting only the address. It came with a pamphlet, entitled 'Some remarks on Matrimonial Advertisements, being Inquiry into their use and abuse; and addressed to the heads of Families.' The Editor of Fraser's Magazine is requested to accept a copy of this work; and if he should have leisure to make mention of it in his review, and that if it is customary to pay for such notice, it will be immediately complied with, on addressing a note to ——— Square." We want no douceur for "contributing to the comfort and happiness of his fellow-creatures," as the author describes his business to be. Sure we are that he (he is by the by an old Quaker) will find a most accommodating personage, and no doubt those gentlemen who employ his mediation in affairs of anatomy advertising will not be disappointed. He acts the part of marriage broker; but, as he is one of the Society of Friends, he is, of course, far too conscientious and strict in his religious principles to think that the intervention of a priest is necessary on all occasions. He had too great a regard for the arguments on this head of 'the unfretted Barclay.' As, however, he is so kind as to offer to bribe us, we cannot be so unkind as not to make some extracts from this book. One relates to a butcher's daughter. 'I know some young ladies who have been expensively educated and who might have been agreeable, if they had acquired the rare accomplishment of a little common sense. They were born over their father's shop, wholesale butcher and cattle dealer. He left them £130,000; and I see they have just put up a gorgeous hatchment upon their newly-taken mansion in the purlieus of London. If you sit with them half the morning, little else will catch the ear beyond 'Mitady,' and her 'Ladyship,' a titled acquaintance they lately picked up, in the half starved widow of a respectable tradesman, who was knighted in the reign of George III. One of their father's craft, a good and well conducted young man—their superior in some, and their equal in every other respect—lately proposed to fulfil an old engagement with one of the girls, and he was summarily and haughtily rejected on account of his trade! By the by, they have discovered a similar name in the peerage, and it is understood they are a branch of that family.' Why need these fair butcheresses torment themselves! More than one butcher's daughter is to be found in the aristocratic leaves of the peerage—more than one butcher's grand-son sits among the Lords and Commons of England. And there was Michael Scales, the other day, who would have been the member of Parliament for London, only he was beaten. Why do not some of our

poets write us an amorous ditty of a butcher in love? It would be a glorious theme. The next concerns the inordinate expectations of the women—on which point we suppose the broker is a competent judge. 'The inordinate expectations of some women really passes wonder. A lady with £200 a-year writes me word that she will not marry unless I can procure her an income of £1500. Another with £75 a-year, and passed, requires good looks, distinguished manners, and a carriage; her own money being secured to her. And a Scotch widow, with one child, ordinary person, and some sons, desires me to introduce her to a gentleman of ancient family (she is of course descended from Wallace) with at least £2000 per annum, that she may regain her former position in society; and was so devotedly attached to her husband that she will never allow her feelings to be implicated again. For this £2000 a-year and a husband, both good things in their way, I may reckon receiving her 'best thanks'; and she is at this moment extremely angry with me because I do not give her the introduction immediately. There are others who betray a wilful contempt, or an innocent ignorance, of orthography, who seriously reply to announcements headed 'A man of hereditary rank,' &c. But these are some of the inconsistencies all must expect who hazard a public advertisement! Why so fierce about the orthography! Our Quaker ought to be far above such contracted notions. The fair one who writes to gentlemen and ladies in his profession are not qualified to fill chairs in the London Universities, or any other such learned senariety.—These have their own appropriate places to fill, and no doubt they do it adequately. Our amiable Quaker himself, when he says 'Harlequin enonce verities enriant,' or talks of 'the embarrass of a shy debutante,' &c. &c., does not orthographize over correctly. What has spelling to do with his business? One statistical table we have done. A calculator has made out the following estimate of the chances of matrimony a girl has at different periods of her life. Out of 1000 women, 32 are married between 14 and 15; 101 between 16 and 17; 219 between 18 and 19; 233 between 20 and 21; 165 between 22 and 23; 102 between 24 and 25; 60 between 26 and 27; 45 between 28 and 29; 18 between 30 and 31; 14 between 32 and 33; 8 between 34 and 35; 2 between 36 and 37; and 1 between 38 and 39. To judge by this table, a lady of 30 years would have only 28 chances of getting married out of 1000; when past 40, the chances are far less! There, ladies, then—there's your Bioscope. So, as old Herrick says—

"Gather your roses while you may."

This book of billing and cooing is appropriately published by Turtle.

As particularly apposite to the conclusion of this article, and to show that there is a mode of retrieving the despondency which the calculator of chances has foretold for ladies *d'un age certain*, we transfer to the Atlas the following historical recollections furnished by the Hartford Weekly Review:

WELL, IT'S TIME YOU HAD.—Miss Sarah Ann Webster of Philadelphia, lately communicated to the Editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, the fact of her marriage with Mr. Jonathan S. Paul, a gentleman of that city. On the publication of that notice, Mr. Paul immediately made a public statement that no marriage had taken place. We suppose Miss Webster was actuated by the same motives as Miss Ursula Wolcott, but her efforts were not crowned with the same success. Between the Wolcott and Griswold families, two of the most ancient and respectable families in Connecticut, there existed a remote relationship. Ursula Wolcott, afterwards the wife of the first Governor Griswold, was a lady of superior intellect and accomplishments, and perhaps unequalled in the state for sagacity and shrewdness. Notwithstanding the superiority of her endowments and the shining excellence of her character, she remained unmarried until about the age of thirty. Finding it at length indispensably necessary to turn her attention to matrimony, or become in fact, what she already was in name, an old maid, she remarked to her friends that she had come to the conclusion of spending a few weeks at Lyme, for the purpose of courting her cousin Matthew.

On her arrival at Lyme, she found her cousin Matthew, who was also considered an old bachelor, more disposed to devote his attention to his Coke and Littleton, than to his cousin Ursula; but she was determined at all events to bring him to the point. She occasionally would meet him in the hall or on the stairs, and after carelessly passing him turn round and enquire, "what's that you said," to which he would reply, that he had not said any thing. After several unsuccessful attempts to make him understand, she met him one day on the stairs, and after making the usual inquiry and receiving the usual answer, she hastily replied, "well I think it's time you had." Matthew could not avoid taking the hint, and a short time after, they became one of the most happy and respectable couples in Connecticut.

[To this the Commercial Advertiser (good authority in the case) adds the following exposition of results:—]

For the accuracy of that part of the foregoing anecdote, which is presented for amusement, we do not vouch. That Mrs. Griswold was a lady of superior intellect and of great sagacity is unquestionable, and that talents and genius are not unfrequently transmissible from generation to generation, may be inferred from the fact that she formed a link of connexion between the two families mentioned, which between the years 1734 and 1817, furnished five out

of eleven Governors, of that state, who bore to her the respective relations of father, husband, brother, son, and nephew. They were all distinguished for unbending integrity and exalted talents. Her father was the Hon. Roger Wolcott—her husband is named in the anecdote—her brother, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, Sen.—her son, the Hon. Roger Griswold—and her nephew, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott, the younger, who died in this city a few days since. One of her uncles, the Hon. Erastus Wolcott, was Lieutenant Governor of that state, and the late Alexander Wolcott, Esq., who was nominated by President Madison, to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, was also her nephew. A great number of the collateral members of the two families held honourable and responsible offices, and were distinguished for superior abilities and attainments.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The twenty-ninth Anniversary Meeting of this Institution took place on Wednesday, May 1, at Exeter Hall. A great number of Clergymen and Dissenting Ministers of the various religious communions, were on the platform.

Lord Teignmouth being unable, in consequence of continued indisposition, to attend the meeting, Lord Berkeley presided.

The report was read by the Rev. A. Brandram, Clerical Secretary to the Society. Though it announced a falling off in the amount of the Society's income, it gave, in every other respect, a most encouraging account of its progress in almost every country in the globe, in the circulation of the Word of God. Not less than one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and eighty-two copies of the Scriptures had been circulated in France within the past year. A very large increase of demand for copies of the Scriptures had also taken place in Switzerland, particularly among the Catholic cantons. The most important fact connected with the distribution of the Bible to the heathen world, was the sensation produced in parts of China by the circulation of the sacred volume in the language of that country. The book was sought after, earnestly read, and greatly spoken of, and, what was still more satisfactory, without any hindrance or restriction on the part of the Emperor. The correspondent from whom this communication had been received, added, that he was about to proceed to China, to take advantage of this opening; and he hoped that he should soon have a demand for 10,000 copies in the maritime parts of China and the Island of Loo Choo. In the West Indies, there had been an increase of the number of Auxiliary Societies.—After noticing, in terms of deep regret, the loss sustained by the Society during the year, in the deaths of the Rev. Rowland Hill, of Lord Gannier, one of its Vice Presidents, of Mr. Bainbridge, and of Dr. Adam Clarke, it went on to say, that the total number of Bibles and Testaments distributed by the Society at home, and by its agents abroad, was 536,841; making a total, since the commencement, of 8,145,456. There had been added to the Society 112 Auxiliaries during the year. The Society's receipts during the past year amounted to £75,492 10s. 6d. Of this sum, £25,604 18s. 7d. were the contributions of Auxiliaries, and £40,717, for the sale of Bibles and Testaments. The receipts of the past year, as compared with the preceding, showed a falling off of more than £6,000. The total expenditure of the Society within the year, was £86,761.

Among the speakers who addressed the meeting, was the Rev. Dr. Cox of this city. He was introduced to the meeting by the Rev. Mr. Brandram, who stated that Dr. C. "visited England as a deputation from the American Bible Society." Dr. Cox said, he had slept but one night upon the island of his ancestors, and it was only three weeks this day since he left New York. He was afraid that he should not be able to reach this country by the first of May; but he embarked on board the ship *Hanson*, and the God of the Nazirite, of the tribe of Dan, controlling the winds, had brought him to the British shore sooner than he expected. The solemn agent by which God had strewn Asia and Europe with corpses had visited America, and he was a relic spared by the mercy of God. He was a monarchist in relation to the kingdom of Heaven, and he was glad to know that the circle of Heavenly light included in one all those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. He looked at the idea of any other principle taking the lead, as among the dreams of the cloister, and the stupidity of the dark ages. (Cheers.) They might as well undertake the enterprise of tunnelling the Atlantic, and lighting the dark aperture with scintillations of infidel philosophy, as to attempt to foster any other principle. He remembered hearing that Dr. Waugh once said to an American clergyman who had just returned from Scotland, and who informed the Doctor that he had been well received, "It is Christianity, my dear son, that will bind all the world together." He recollected another sentiment eloquently stated by a Premier of England under a previous reign, "England and America, the mother and daughter, against the world." It was not his province to touch upon political questions; but he would christianise the sentiment, and introduce it to the platform.—England and America, the mother and daughter, for the world. The Rev. Doctor concluded by moving a resolution to the effect, "That in the continued tokens of divine approbation with which the proceedings of the Society had been conducted, the meeting desired with deep and lively gratitude to acknowledge the hand of God, and to be encouraged to increasing exertion."

THE SUN AND MOON.

From the German of Ebert.

MOON.

O Sun! thou closest thy glorious career,
(And brilliant thy wide course has been.)
Deign and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.

I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labours of busy man;
Each project vain, each enterprise high,
Lay open to my searching eye.
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
I shone on the student's narrow floor;
I glommed on the soldier's statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.
I shot my rays in the house of prayer,
On the kneeling crowds assembled there;
In golden hall and tapestried room,
And cleared the dark, cold dungeon's gloom.
With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And where bestowed where joy was gone;
In tears upon the face of care!
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair!
I shone on all things, sad and fair!
But few the eyes that turned to Heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's edge I hung,
No hymn nor psalm lay sung.

MOON.

Thou risest in glory; my journey is o'er;
Alternate our gifts we bestow;
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore
The source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.

Thou comest, O Moon, with thy soft-beaming light,
To shine where my presence has been;
Then tell me, I pray thee, then fair Queen of Night,
What thou in thy travels hast seen!

MOON.

I shone on many a pillowed head,
On greenward rude and downy bed;
I watched the infant's drowsy sleep,
Compelled to rest, so calm and deep.
The murderer, in his fearful dream,
Woke staring at my transient gleam.
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise;
And where, 'mid flaming halloes roared,
The vessel sank to rise no more;
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour—when no help was nigh.
On mountain path, and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambushade,
I shone; and on the peaceful grave,
Where sleep the noble and the brave,
To each and all my light I gave,
And, as my feeble silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day,
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.

We still travel onward our task to fulfil
Till time shall be reckoned no more,
When all shall acknowledge the sovereign will,
That made them to love and adore.

CHIT CHAT.

(Continued.)

* * Maj. I really detest a dish of politics, even when served up with puns. Doctor, you remind me of a pun I made, for which may I be pardoned. I was at an evening party, where a very pretty quakeress was present; but Miss Rebecca was not a little startled in her manner. Colonel B. dropped in, and was quite taken with her. 'Behold a rose,' said he, in his usual gallant address, 'and it wants two months to June.' 'Your surprise is misplaced, colonel,' retorted I; 'do you not see that it is a *prim-rose*, and therefore in season?' The colonel was very much delighted with my reply, and slapping me on the shoulder, said, 'Bravo Narcissus,' which was a flowery compliment, and therefore well timed.

O. S. Remarkably well timed, indeed, major.

Enter Mr. Volage, with a Catalogue in his hand.

Volage. Altogether very creditable—very creditable, indeed. Martin has a picture there. I have just been amusing myself with the mouse in the diving bell. He really is a great man.

O. S. Who is this great man, Mr. Volage; is it the mouse you mean?

Vol. No, sir, I meant Martin; the mouse was only in parenthesis.

O. S. Well, I never heard a diving-bell called a parenthesis before.

Ed. Excuse me, O'Sullivan; allow me to request you will permit Mr. Volage to take breath, and this cue will be unravelled in a short time. I perceive at once that he has been to the Suffolk Street Exhibition, and that he has called on *passant* at the one in Adelaide Street.

Vol. That is precisely the case. I certainly expressed myself rather confusedly, but I was too full of my subject.

O. S. And when a man's mouth is full, he never speaks plain.

Ed. You were, however, right when you asserted that Martin was a great man. The very difference of opinion concerning him in this country goes far to prove it; but we must also judge by what other nations think of him. On the continent, Martin is higher in reputation than any of our painters, and among the inquiries of amateurs you will find that Martin's name is first mentioned, and Martin's works most esteemed. Martin's chief merit is grandeur of conception. Looking at one of his pictures, I always think that he has embodied those dreams which one sometimes has of piercing through the blue vault of heaven, and beholding the stupendous fabrications of another universe. Martin is the Milton of painting. They complain of his figures; they are but the mites of the mass. Who, when a mighty army was advancing in all sublime rage of slaughter and devastation,

would pause to criticise the features of the individual soldier. But what other pictures have we there?

Vol. I have marked the catalogue; shall I begin with the worst?

Ed. No, no; only tell us the good. Leave the works of inferior merit to the praise of their partial friends. Bad pictures are much more pardonable than bad writing.

Vol. Well, then, Mrs. Carpenter has two good portraits, 21 and 211. In the former the attitude is easy, and not conscious of the presence of the artist; the drawing correct, and the carnation tints beautifully clear. The other has all the beauties of Mrs. Carpenter's painting, but with one fault—the portrait appearing to say to the limner, 'Now will this attitude do, my dear Mrs. Carpenter?'

O. S. Now I should very much like to be painted by a very pretty woman—always provided that I should be directed to look at her, and not at some nail on the wall, or chinaman on a screen.

Doctor. Yes, you would look your best, I've no doubt.

Twist. You would light up like another Cymon.

O. S. Allow me to observe, Mr. Twist, that I don't permit calling names, and you cannot here plead the privilege of the house. My real name, if you wish to be familiar, is Terence. So now that I've called the M. P. to order, Mr. Volage will oblige us by progressing.

Vol. No. 35, by Linton, is a beautiful performance. The aerial perspective is clear, brilliant, yet remote; the deep tints in the foreground sweetly pure, and the whole has an intense air of classic beauty. We now come to No. 56—the Young Fisherman's Song, by Uwins. There is not a better picture in the room. The grouping is so natural and easy, that the word 'attitude' seems harsh to express the position of each figure. A little rawness of colouring in the centre of the foreground, which, however, a little time will temper down to an excellent tone.

O. S. You amateurs have a queer way of expressing yourselves. Who ever heard of an excellent tone with temper? It spoils the tone of the prettiest voice from the mouth of the prettiest woman in the world. Now I'll take a bet that for *tone, colour, transparency, and taste*, there's not a prettier picture in the whole Exhibition than this bottle of the Editor's sherry. (Helping himself.)

Vol. I'll take a glass with you, Captain O'Sullivan.

O. S. Just do, for to my idea you're on rather a dry subject.

Ed. There I disagree with you, O'Sullivan, although your remark on the sherry is in accordance with my own opinion. It is a present.

O. S. From whom—can you introduce me to the gentleman?

Ed. Excuse me. Mr. Volage, do me the favour to proceed.

Vol. Edinburgh Castle, by Wilson, is a picture from which you unwillingly remove your eye; but you must not go too near it, or you will discover that it is not finished. 359, a wood scene by Lee, has all the freshness of nature, but I do not think it has a sufficient balance of light and shade.

O. S. Balance of light and shade! Well, now, that bothers me.

Vol. We now come to the last I shall notice, which is, Mr. Martin's picture of Kilmenny. I have made my notes, Mr. Editor, which are at your service. It is most perfect.

Ed. I thank you. I will go myself, correct and compare. What is Stanfield about now?

Vol. I saw him yesterday in his atelier. He is painting a series for the Marquis of Lansdowne, I believe. Venice is finished, and a splendid picture it is.

Ed. A beautiful and bright prospect lies before Stanfield, so young, and yet so much gained. The laurel has not come to him in the winter of life, mocking his grey hairs. Do you know, O'Sullivan, that Stanfield was once a midshipman in our service?

O. S. The best school in the world, as I told that saucy little beggar—nothing like discipline.

Twist. Pray, Captain O'Sullivan, will you explain what discipline has to do with painting?

O. S. To be sure I will. (Rather confused.) O most certainly, if you wish it. I'll only appeal to the major. Why, where the devil's the major?

Doctor. He slipped away just as Mr. Volage commenced his criticisms. I'm afraid, without the assistance of your major, you'll not come to a happy conclusion.

O. S. O won't I; only just tell me what it was exactly that I said.

Twist. I repeat the honourable member's words,—'That the discipline of a man of war is the best school for painting.'

O. S. Did I say that, Mr. Editor?

Ed. I'm afraid you did, Captain O'Sullivan.

O. S. Well, then, if I did, I did, and there's an end of the matter. You need not look so amazing chuckling, Mr. Twist, as if I was in a scrape. I never make an assertion that I am not ready to prove. I said that discipline made a good painter. Well, now, in the first place, where will you see more order and regularity than on board a man of war. And how can a man paint a good picture without *every thing being in its place*? tell me that, Mr. Twist. Then a't the punishment on board of a man of war, when the men get drunk? and hasn't he an opportunity of learning anatomy, while the men are stripped, and receiving their allowance of cat?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. Well, then, a't the men put in irons before punishment, and thereby don't he learn what it is to

be in keeping?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. (Hear, hear, from Editor and others.) Well, then—don't a boy go on board of a man of war, a silly young cub; and don't discipline make him open his eyes? and how can a man paint with his eyes shut, I should like you to tell me, Mr. Twist. Well then, a't he mastedead half the day, and looks upon the broad expanse of water, bounded by broad expanse of sky; and where can there be a better place to catch aerial tints, and his distance, I should like to know?—tell me that, Mr. Twist. And a't he looking out for strange sails with his glass, on deck? and where will you find a better idea of perspective? And lastly, doesn't he keep watch and watch during the twenty-four hours, day and night? and if that won't learn him the exact balance of light and shade, what the devil will? So here, you'll observe, we have composition and keeping, and anatomy for his fingers, and his wits about him, and his aerial tints and distance, and his perspective, and his balance of light and shade, all taught him by discipline, free gratis and for nothing, and what more would you have? Are you answered now, Mr. Twist? (Hear, and loud cheers from all the company, while Captain O'Sullivan helps himself to sherry and water.)

Twist. I rise to explain—

Omnes. Spoke—spoke.

Twist. A more sophistical—

Ed. Mr. Twist, I must call you to order. Captain O'Sullivan, you deserve great credit for your reply.—And now, gentlemen, excuse me, but time is precious—it flies fast in your company, and I unfortunately have no time for pastime. Will you excuse me, if I take the liberty of a friend, in stating that I wish to be alone, as I have to write *Chit Chat*.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

We add further portions of this singular narrative.

SECTION II.—The Resuscitation.

Towards one o'clock in the morning, the aforesaid Colonel Chabert knocked at the door of M. Derville, who was solicitor attached to the Tribunal of First Instance of the Department of the Seine. The porter declared that M. Derville was not at home; but the veteran pleading an appointment, mounted to the study of the celebrated legist, who, notwithstanding his youth, passed for one of the longest headed law agents of that jurisdiction. On entering he was not a little surprised to see the chief clerk occupied in ranging, upon the dinner table, the dockets of those matters which were expected to be called for hearing at the next sitting. The clerk, no less astonished, bowed to him and pointed to a chair, which the suitor took. 'To say truth, I thought you jested yesterday in naming so early an hour for an interview,' said the old man with a forced gaiety—the mirth of a man under misfortune who compels himself to smile. 'The clerks did jest, and at the same time said what was true,'—replied the chief clerk, continuing his previous occupation. 'M. Derville, either from habit or a mania for this time of night, has chosen it for the investigation of causes, the order of argument, and the arrangements of defence. It seems that his astonishing powers only display themselves at this moment. He desires to be alone in the bosom of a profound silence. During six years you are the third example of a consultation at such an hour. He wishes his manner of getting through business to be a secret. As soon as he comes in he will discuss every thing, read every thing, pass perhaps four or five hours at work, and then ring for me to explain his intentions. During the day he listens to his clients; at night he thinks of their affairs in the midst of society, and he has told me that the brightest of his ideas occurred while conversing and laughing. Such is his life—singularly active; at the same time he makes a great deal of money.' The old man remained silent, and his remarkable face had taken an expression so destitute of intelligence, that the clerk, in astonishment, ceased to take any notice after his first regard of him.

A few moments afterwards M. Derville came in. His clerk opened the door, and continued to classify the papers. The young solicitor, elegantly dressed as for a ball, remained standing for a moment in astonishment at seeing through the *chiaro scuro* the singular client who awaited him. Colonel Chabert was just as immovable as a wax figure in the cabinet of Curtius; but this immobility would not perhaps have seemed any thing surprising, but that it completed the preternatural appearance of the individual taken as a whole. The person was thin and adust; his eyes, instead of brightness, seemed covered by a film not quite opaque; you would have compared them to discoloured mother-of-pearl, the blue rays of which shone to the light of the wax candles. The pale, livid face, sharp as a knife's edge, if it may be allowed to use this vulgar expression, seemed already dead. The neck tightened by a shabby black silk neckcloth, and the shadows concealing the body below the brown line described by this rag, an imaginative person might have taken the whole head for a casual *silhouette*. It was an unframed picture of Rembrandt's. The brim of the hat, which covered the aged forehead, threw a dark furrow over the upper portion of the face, and this natural but singular effect heightened, by abrupt contrast, the white wrinkles, the cold sinuosities, and the discoloured muscles of this cadaverous physiognomy. In fine, the absence of all movement in the body, of all animation in the look, harmonized with a certain expression of melancholy madness, blended with the degrading symptoms which characterize the idiot—forming together an indescribable but fearful whole.

But for an observer, especially for a lawyer, there was something more in this worn and withered man;

there were in this wreck of humanity the signs of a profound grief, the indications of a misery which had consumed the soul of a once handsome face, as the drops of rain disfigure, in time, some magnificent marble. A physician, an author, a magistrate, would have predicted a whole drama from the aspect of this sublime horror, the least of whose merit was to resemble the impossible imaginings fantastically drawn by artists at the edges of their lithographic plates, while they are talking to their friends.

On seeing the solicitor, the old man quivered with the convulsive movement such as poets yield to when a sudden knock in the middle of the night destroys a fruitful reverie. The unknown removed his hat quickly, and rose to make his obeisance to the young man; but his wig, having most likely adhered to the greasy leather that lined his hat, remained in it; and the colonel unconsciously exhibited a skull frightfully mutilated. A transverse wound formed a seam, originating with the occiput, and decaying at the right eye. The curls of his wig concealed this ancient wound, by the effect of which the head had been profoundly opened. Neither the solicitor or his clerk felt disposed to laugh, such was the frightful appearance of the split skull; it gave him the air of an executed criminal; for the first thought which the sight of the wound suggested was—There can be no intelligence below that? 'If it be not Colonel Chabert, it's a fine old soldier at any rate,' thought the principal clerk. 'Whom have I the honour to speak to?' inquired M. Derville. 'To Colonel Chabert, who was killed at the Eylau,' answered the old man. On hearing this, the two men of chicane looked at each other, as much as to say—It's a madman. 'Sir,' resumed the veteran, 'it was my wish to confide the secret of my situation to you alone.'

The intrepidity of lawyers is a matter worthy of notice. Whether it be referable to the habit of receiving a great number of people, a deep sense of legal protection, or from a confidence in their calling, they, like doctors and priests, venture every where without fear. It is civil courage.

M. Derville made a sign to his clerk, who thereupon retired. 'In the day time,' observed the lawyer, 'I never count the minutes, but in the middle of the night they are precious to me—therefore be brief and concise; I will ask you any explanation that may be necessary upon points that appear obscure. Go on!' The young man, in motioning his singular client to be seated, took his own place at the side of the table, and looked over the titles of some papers while he listened to the colonel's recital; but he shortly abandoned his briefs.

'You may have heard, sir,' said the defunct, 'that I commanded a regiment of cavalry at Eylau. I contributed in some sort to the success of the charge Murat made on that occasion. This is, unhappily, an historical fact consecrated to the 'Victories and Conquests—for there my death is fully detailed.—We broke the three Russian lines, which formed again, and we were obliged to pass them a second time in the contrary direction. When we had dispersed the Russians, and were returning towards the emperor, I met a party of the enemy's cavalry. I fell upon the rash group, but two officers—two real giants—attacked me together, and split my skull. I fell from my horse—Murat attempted to succour me, and passed over my body with three thousand men. Every little helps! . . . My death was announced to the emperor. From prudence—for he was rather fond of me, the little corporal was—he willed to know whether there was any chance of saving a man to whom he owed the vigorous attack, and he sent two surgeons to look for and bring me to the ambulances, telling them, carelessly perhaps, to—'Go and see if poor Chabert was alive by any chance!'

'But these d—d surgeons, knowing that I had been trampled on by a brigade of cavalry, either did or did not come to feel my pulse; they reported that I was certainly dead, and the certificate of my demise was probably completed according to the established forms of military jurisprudence.'

On hearing his client express himself with such perfect lucidity, and narrate facts, strange, to say the least of them, the young lawyer placed his left elbow on the table, rested his head upon his hand, and stared at the colonel: 'Do you know, sir, that I am the solicitor of the Countess Ferraud, widow of Colonel Chabert?'

'My wife! . . . Yes, sir; and after many fruitless attempts with various lawyers, all of whom took me for a madman, I resolved to go to you . . . I will talk about my misfortunes another time . . . Let me establish the facts now, and explain them in the way I have conceived; for I am compelled by circumstances, known only to the Eternal Father, to present some of them as hypothesis. Probably then, sir, the wounds which I received produced a *tanus*, or caused a crisis analogous to the state they call cataplexy: for I was stripped, according to custom, and remained as naked as a worm until the persons charged to bury the dead had covered me like the rest.'

'Allow me to notice, in this place, a fact which I could only learn posterior to the event, which must necessarily be called my death . . . At Stuttgart I met an old sergeant of my regiment, the excellent creature who alone would acknowledge me, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak again shortly. He it was who explained the phenomenon of my preservation, in telling me that I had fallen under my horse. At the moment the two Russians bled me, my charger received a cannon shot in his flank, so that the horse and rider fell together, and that from leaning towards one side or the other, I remained un-

dermost and completely covered by the body of the poor beast.

"On coming to myself, sir, I found I was in a situation, and in an atmosphere, of which I should fail to convey a faint idea if I talked about it until to-morrow. The air I breathed was hot and mephitic. I tried to move, and could find no space. On opening my eyes I saw nothing. The want of air was the dominant reality of which I had a perfect notion; sensible that if I could not get air I should die of suffocation. This thought prevailed over the intense pain that had awakened me. . . . My ears tingled violently, and I heard, or thought I heard—for I cannot affirm any thing positively—groans from the mattress of corpses on which I lay.

"Although my memory of these moments is much clouded, and my recollections of them confused, and notwithstanding the impress of sufferings still more profound than I have sustained, to the great confusion of my ideas, there are nights in which I fancy I hear those stifled sighs again. But there was a something yet more horrible than all this—it was a silence such as I have never known since—like that which follows the cessation of an organ—the true silence of the tomb. . . .

"At length, by raising my hands and feeling the dead bodies, I ascertained that there was a space between my head and the human dung-hill above it; then I measured the interval that had been left to me by a hazard, of the cause of which I was ignorant. It seems that, thanks to the haste or carelessness with which they had heaped us *pêle mêle*, colonels and private soldiers, two bodies had been crossed over me in a way that formed the same angle that children describe with cards when they build houses with them. Seeking with an indescribable promptitude,—there was no time for groping,—I met with an arm that fortunately was unconnected with any thing else, an arm worthy of an Hercules, a noble bone to which I owed my preservation. Without this unhelped-for aid I was lost! But with a well conditioned fury I set to disturbing the bodies that separated me from the layer of earth which had doubtless been thrown over us. . . . I say over us, as if there had been other living things. . . . I went on vigorously, and I know not how it was I contrived to penetrate the dome of flesh that formed a barrier between life and me. I had three arms. . . . And my lever working somewhat rudely, obtained for me the air which was between the corpses we displaced. . . . I economized my inspirations. . . .

"At last I saw the day. . . . but it was through snow! I then perceived that my head was open; though by good fortune, the wreck of it, together with some fragments of my comrades and those of my horse, had adjoined to it a natural plaster. When my scalp touched the snow, I fainted,—yet the heat melted a circular aperture through which I ballooned during two hours, immediately I recovered my voice. As soon as I came entirely to myself the sun rose. I raised myself by making with my feet a spring, resting upon the solid remains of others. . . . it would have been absurd to respect them at such a moment. In short, sir, there was a woman who had the courage to come and look at my head, which had scarcely grown above the surface more than a mushroom. I had the mortification, if such a word can convey a notion of my rage, to see for a long while—a very long while—the cursed Germans run away on hearing a human voice, and perceiving no one from whom it could have proceeded. I was then delivered from my grave, and carried by the woman and her husband into a wooden hut. It is probable I had another attack of *tetanus*,—excuse this expression, intended to convey a notion of a state I have no idea of, but which, according to my host's account, must have bordered on cataplexy.—During three months I remained struggling between life and death, either not speaking, or speaking deliriously. At last my hosts got me admitted into the hospital of Heilsberg. You will understand, sir, that I came from the bosom of the earth, as naked as at the instant of my birth; so that, ten months afterwards, when I remembered that I was Colonel Chabert, and desired my nurse to treat me with some little respect, all my fellow patients laughed outright. The surgeon had, however, luckily for me undertaken my cure; and, upon hearing me speak consistently of my former existence, he caused the spot from which I had been disinterred to be verified according to the judicial forms established in the country, and further evidence of the hour at which my benefactress and her husband had rescued me; the nature and position of my wounds, and a description of my person was annexed to the various documents. Unfortunately I have neither of these important papers, nor the declaration I made before a notary of the town just mentioned, with a view to establish my identity. From the day I was turned out of Heilsberg, by the events of war, I have continued to wander about as a vagabond, begging my bread, and being treated as a madman wherever I told my adventure; and I had not wherewithal to obtain the certificates in proof of my pretensions. Often have I been detained by my sufferings for three months at a time, in some small town, where they afforded succor to the expiring mendicant, but laughed in his face when he gave himself out as the Colonel Chabert. The internal rage to which I was a prey, caused me to be confined at Stuttgart as a madman, and you may judge whether there were not, in my recital, ten thousand reasons for locking a man up! After being detained two years, I was obliged to submit, having heard my keepers say a thousand times: 'Here's the poor creature who fancies himself Colonel Chabert!' I became convinced of the impossibility of my adventure. I was sad, resigned,

tranquil, and I would no longer consent to be Colonel Chabert, in order that I might be released from prison, and see France again—to see Paris! O sir, it was a delirium. . . . (To be continued.)

THE EDINBURGH NEWSPAPER PRESS.
These notices are from the same source with the attractive articles on the London Press, presented to our readers in former numbers.

The Newspaper Press of Edinburgh and Glasgow is so closely mixed up with the literary and political character of the Scotch nation, that it is presumed some account of it will be interesting to the general reader.

First, in point of antiquity among the Edinburgh, and indeed among the Scotch papers, is the 'Caledonian Mercury.' This journal was commenced nearly a century and a half ago. We have seen some of the numbers published more than a hundred years since. At that time it consisted of one quarto leaf, about the size of the 'Athenaeum,' and sold for three halfpence. Of the quality of its intelligence it is unnecessary to speak. Original discussion was never dreamed of in the newspapers of that day. Its average number of advertisements was five; and these consisted, for the most part, of intimations that certain old women had oranges, apples, &c. to dispose of at some specified part of the town. The 'Mercury,' which is published three times a week, is now among the largest of the Edinburgh papers. Until within the last twelve months, when it was enlarged, its dimensions were among the smallest of any Scotch paper. In point of talent it ranks high. Of its politics it is difficult to speak: they are vague, but may, on the whole, be called liberal. Dr. James Browne was editor for three years prior to his duel with Mr. McLaren, then principal editor of the 'Scotsman,' but having disputed with the proprietor, Mr. Thomas Allan, banker, he quitted the 'Mercury,' and was succeeded by Mr. Cochran, editor of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' Mr. C. conducted the 'Mercury' for two years, when he left Edinburgh for London. Dr. Browne then resumed the editorship, which he still holds.

The 'Courant,' like the 'Mercury,' is a very old established paper. We are not certain of its precise antiquity; but we have seen numbers as far back as 1711. Its size and character at that time very much resembled that of the 'Mercury' of the same period. It is the most extensively circulated, and by far the best advertised of the Edinburgh or Glasgow papers. Its circulation exceeds two thousand, which in Scotland is considered a very great number for a newspaper to publish. Its politics are of the moderate Tory cast; but it does not deal much in original discussion of any kind. Mr. Buchanan, the political economist, has been editor for some years past. The 'Courant,' like the 'Mercury,' is published three times a week.

Of the papers published twice a week, the 'Advertiser' is the oldest. It was established more than half a century ago. Its circulation is but limited; but it is, on the whole, well advertised. Its politics are, and always have been, Tory. Of late years it has changed its editors often. Mr. Robert Chambers conducted it for some time previous to the establishment of his well-known literary journal. Mr. Crichton, a licentiate of the church of Scotland, is the present editor. It does not want talent; but there is often a deficiency of original matter.

Next, among the twice-a-week papers in age, and unquestionably first of all among the Scotch papers in point of merit, is 'The Scotsman.' This journal was originally under the management of the celebrated Mr. McCulloch, the political economist. It was for many years published only once a week—the price of each number being tenpence. Notwithstanding the highness of the price, it had then a very large circulation; and certainly, in regard to literary merit, was among the first published in the English language.—During the time it was published only once a week, it excluded all advertisements not connected with literature. Its first appearance may be said to have been the commencement of a new era in the politics of Scotland. At that time there was not one journal in Edinburgh identifying itself with liberal principles; and only two in any part of Scotland—the 'Glasgow Chronicle,' and the 'Aberdeen Chronicle.' When, therefore, in 1816, the 'Scotsman' appeared, its bold, uncompromising principles, advocated with such surpassing talent, created a sensation from one extremity of Scotland to another. The 'Scotsman' has for many years past been published twice a week, at the usual price of sevenpence. It lost in the first instance a great many of its subscribers by the change in the publication; but soon regained them, and is now next to the 'Courant' in the extent of its circulation. After Mr. McCulloch relinquished the editorship, he was succeeded by Mr. McLaren, the present editor, and Mr. Ritchie, W. S., both large proprietors. The latter gentleman died some two years since; and Mr. McLaren is now sole editor.

The 'Observer' is the only other Edinburgh paper published twice a week. It was started about twelve years ago. The principal proprietors are Sir Patrick Walker, Mr. Patrick Robertson, the well known advocate, and Mr. Scott. It takes no decided part in politics; but its leanings are understood to be to the Tory side. Its circulation is respectable, but being but indifferently advertised, it is understood not to pay. Of late, perhaps, it has paid better, the 'New North Briton' having been incorporated with it. For a good many years the 'Observer' was under the management of Lieutenant Sutherland, one of the most kind-hearted men that ever lived; but he having died, about two

years since, of sea-sickness, in going from Leith to Montrose, Mr. John Malcolm, the well known poet, was appointed his successor, which he still continues. Though there is not much original discussion in the 'Observer,' it is well liked, the selections being made with much good judgment, and the original matter being very tastefully written.

Of the Edinburgh weekly papers, the 'Weekly Journal' is both the oldest and by far the most extensively circulated, as well as largely advertised. Its circulation is somewhere about two thousand; while its advertisements are double those of any of the other weekly papers. Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. James Ballantine, his bosom friend and the printer of his works, were in their lifetime the principal proprietors. Mr. Ballantine was also editor. We have not yet heard who succeeded him on his death, about three months since. The politics of the 'Weekly Journal' were originally, and until the accession of Lord Grey to office, of the Tory school; since then they have rather smacked of liberalism. As regards mere intelligence, the 'Weekly Journal' has long held a high place among the newspapers of Scotland; but it has never been distinguished for vigour in its political articles. Its theatrical criticisms again, are, or rather long were, decidedly the best articles of the kind that ever appeared in any Scotch paper.

The 'Weekly Chronicle' was established in 1806. It started with Tory principles, and continued to identify itself with the same views until two years ago, when it fell into the hands of its present proprietors, Mr. Tait, the bookseller, and Messrs. Johnstone and Anderson. It then all at once veered round to Ultra Radicalism. Previous to its coming into the possession of the present proprietors, it was chiefly the property of Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller. When Mr. B. disposed of his share of the copy right, (which he did for a mere trifle,) to the present proprietors, the circulation was only one thousand copies; but Radicalism proving a more marketable commodity than Toryism, its circulation is now understood to be somewhere about one thousand five hundred. Mr. Johnstone, the printer, is also ostensibly the editor of the 'Chronicle,' but it is understood that the articles which appear in it on political topics are from other hands. Mrs. Johnstone, alias Meg Dods, often enlivens its columns with the productions of her elegant pen. The 'Chronicle,' from its commencement till it fell into the hands of the present proprietors, was published on Wednesday; since then it has been published on Saturday.

Next comes the 'Saturday Post.' This journal was started nearly six years ago. Mr. Peterkin, at present the editor of the 'Kelso Chronicle,' was at its commencement entrusted with its management. For a long while it was a losing concern. The unusually high price (tenpence) was one great obstacle to its circulation. It soon reduced the price to sevenpence, but without any material increase in the sale. It afterwards changed hands, both as regards the proprietorship and editorship; but still could not be made to pay the expenses. Mr. Crichton, the present editor of the 'Advertiser,' at that time conducted the 'Post.' The proprietors soon failed, and the property again came into the market. The copyright was sold for 150*l*. By this time the paper had acquired considerable reputation as a journal of talent, and had so zealously committed itself with Tory principles, that the Tories throughout Scotland resolved, as if by some secret understanding among themselves, to give it a hearty support. Its circulation accordingly rapidly increased, and what is much better, advertisements, of which it had formerly only some four or five or six a week, poured in from all quarters. It is now fairly established, and is understood to be an excellent paying concern. Mr. Jorrop has been editor for the last few years. It contains more original discussion than any newspaper in Scotland.

A few months since, another paper was started in Edinburgh, under the title of 'The Citizen.' It espouses Ultra-Radical principles. From some cause or other, it has not yet fairly brought itself before the public. It is not much known even in Edinburgh, the place of its publication; it is far less so in the provinces of Scotland.

These are all the journals devoted to politics at present published in Edinburgh. Within the last thirteen years several have been started, but soon ceased to exist. In 1820, the 'Beacon' was started on Ultra-Tory principles, with the express view of running down the 'Scotsman' and the Edinburgh Whigs as a party, by a system of wholesale personal slander. It was soon discovered who were the parties that furnished the funds for the support of the 'Beacon,' and the discovery proved the death of the paper before it had attained the age of one short year. The parties were fifteen in number, almost all holding important situations under the then government. It is matter of deep and lasting regret that Sir Walter Scott was one of the fifteen.

In 1825, Mr. Rintoul, the talented editor of the 'London Spectator,' started a weekly paper in Edinburgh, under the title of the 'Independent Times.' Notwithstanding all the exertions made to bring it into notice, its circulation never reached four hundred. It lingered away for a few months, and was then, after a heavy loss to the parties, discontinued.

About three years since, Dr. James Browne, the present editor of the 'Caledonian Mercury,' started a twice-a-week paper, in conjunction with Mr. David Lizars, a bookseller, and brother to the celebrated anatomist of that name. The title was the 'North Briton.' On the appearance of the twelfth number the proprietors differed, and the paper, though it then promised well, was given up. Mr. Lizars, however,

after the interval of a week, resumed the paper on his own account, under the title of the 'New North Briton.' Mr. Crichton, the present editor of the 'Advertiser,' conducted it for some time. He was succeeded by Mr. Peterkin, present editor of the 'Kelso Chronicle.' At first, and for a long time, the 'New North Briton' was conducted on Tory principles; but during the time when the cry for reform was the order of the day, Mr. Peterkin, from being a red hot Tory, all of a sudden became an Ultra-Whig. Still the paper did not take; it was poorly advertised, and had only a circulation of seven hundred. It was discontinued some months ago. Mr. Lizars, it is understood, having sustained a loss by it of little short of two thousand five hundred pounds. The copyright, which was purchased by the proprietors of the 'Observer,' only brought twenty-five pounds.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

Thou hast thy record in the Monarch's hall;
And on the waters of the far and sea;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee:
Where'er, beneath some Oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests,—where'er the child
Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mude,
There art thou known,—where'er the Book of Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise above:
Oh! say what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary! to that pure silent place of Fame!
One lowly offering of exceeding Love.

F. Hemans.

THE FEMALE POETS OF BRITAIN.—Mrs. Hemans is still residing in Dublin occupied in the education of her sons; she will shortly publish a volume of sacred poetry. Hannah Moore is still alive but in a state that would render death a blessing; a memoir by a "constant friend" is already prepared. Miss Landon has been staying at Oxford on a visit to her uncle the head of Worcester college: a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Mitford sojourns at Three-Mile-Cross: her tragedies laid by till a more fitting season. Mrs. Howitt a member of the Society of Friends who resides at Nottingham has prepared a series of tragic dramas with the highest moral tone. Of Mrs. Joanna Baillie the world hears nothing; she resides at Highgate, in comparative solitude but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives at Lynton, in Hampshire. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher) is on the wide sea, with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the Muses for the *Court Magazine* and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwich and is now residing in Cornwall.—*Eng. paper.*

THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.—A gallant Captain and M.P.—"the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—who has been figuring much of late at police offices, has been called at the clubs "The Mirror of Parliament."—*Eng. pap.*

SPELLING.—A letter of Dr. Franklin, written July 4th, 1786, and now first published, contains the following piece of pleasantry:

"You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and words. To give you an instance. A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words:—*Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your mesag to his yf.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what *yf* was. 'Why,' says she, '*yf* spells wife, what else can it spell?' and indeed it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling wife, than *Doubleyou, i, e, f, e*, which in reality spells *Double-yifey*."

EXHILARATION OF DRINKING.—The true philosophy of tipping was well illustrated by Mr. Slack, the representative of the Labouring Young Men's Temperance Society, Boston, at the celebration on the evening of the 26th ultimo.—*Hartf. Ep. Watchman.*

"Some labouring men," said he, "M. Chairman, object to giving up the use of ardent spirits, because they say it helps them to work better than they could without it. But sir, in my opinion, it is with their working better just as it is with a poor man's feeling rich when he is partly intoxicated. In the same way a man on horseback who has taken a glass of grog thinks that his horse goes faster, though the poor animal himself has had neither oats nor water."

Mr. Chairman, to illustrate my views, I will relate an incident which took place a few years ago. I attended an auction, an administrator's sale, which lasted several days. About 11 o'clock the first day, the sale was stopped, and some refreshments, of which brandy was a part, passed round, and then the sale went on with renewed spirit. The next day, about the same hour, the sale was again suspended, and one of the auctioneers inquired if it was best to have some more refreshments? 'By all means,' said the other, 'for I sold that brandy yesterday, for more than ten dollars a gallon!' And Mr. Chairman, if I could judge correct, he sold it the second day, for more than \$12 a gallon. But I do not believe that

when the brandy drinkers looked at their purchases the next morning they found them any the better for brandy."

TOUR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.—The President left the seat of government on Thursday of last week, attended by Mr. McLane, Secretary of State, Mr. Cass, Secretary of War, and Mr. Donelson his private Secretary.

At noon on the same day, a committee of citizens of Baltimore, accompanied the members of the City Council, Officers of the Army and Navy, and others invited on the occasion, in all 150 to 200 in number, proceeded in a train of 11 carriages, for the purpose of meeting the President at the intersection of the B. & O. Rail Road and Washington Turnpike, about six and a half miles from the city. When the carriage in which the Chief Magistrate was travelling arrived at the spot, he was welcomed by the chairman of the committee, and having taken his place in the central car, proceeded for the purpose, the train proceeded towards Baltimore. On leaving the Rail Road, the President took a seat in an open barouche with two of the Baltimore Committee, and his suite occupied a similar vehicle which was followed by other carriages. Entering the town the President proceeded to the lodgings prepared for his reception at the Baltimore House, where he was duly received and welcomed by the Mayor of the City, and the Committee deputed to perform that duty on behalf of the citizens. He remained in Baltimore on Friday, and received the visits of the citizens from noon until half past one o'clock. In the forenoon he made an excursion through the city on horseback accompanied by the Mayor and other gentlemen. He was waited on during the day by Committees from Philadelphia, deputed to escort him thither; and on Saturday morning took his departure in the steamboat Kentucky for that city, leaving Baltimore amidst crowds of spectators and demonstrations of respect both from the vessels in port and from Fort McHenry, where a national salute was fired as the Kentucky passed.

It is impossible to give all the particulars reported of his journey to Philadelphia. At New Castle in Delaware, there was prepared "a neat and pointed compliment to the President; across the street, opening to the rail road wharf, was suspended in a scroll, the words so cheering and so memorable—

"The Union—it must be preserved."

As the Ohio rounded to towards the wharf, the revenue cutter laying off the town, manned her guns and her yards, and blazed away a roaring salute and thunders of cheers, which made the welkin ring. Governor Bennett, of Delaware, and the authorities, came on board and escorted the President a small distance within the town, when they returned and permitted us to proceed upon our voyage."

Embarking in the steamboat Ohio, the company proceeded up the Delaware and were greeted with salutes and other testimonials of respect and attention, both by the shipping and those on shore. Several steamboats joined in the train. The President and suite were landed at the Navy Yard at about 5 P. M. The usual salute was fired on the occasion. Immediately after, the President took a seat in an open barouche, in company with Mr. McLane, Mr. Cass, Col. Earle and Mr. Donaldson, and proceeded under an escort to his lodgings at Hieskel's hotel. A large procession of citizens in open carriages and on foot attended the visitors. In the evening the delegation from this city (New-York,) waited on the President.

On the next day, Sunday, a crowd was assembled near the city Hotel, during the day. "Many of the President's friends called before ten o'clock, at which hour an open carriage conveyed him to the First Presbyterian Church. Here, too, a large assemblage of anxious faces greeted his arrival. The church was crowded, and outside a numerous company collected to get a glimpse at the first officer of the government. The Rev. Mr. Barnes preached an eloquent sermon, from the fourth chapter of the Book of Daniel, after which a collection was taken up for the benefit of Foreign Missions.

Before the service was ended, the crowd had greatly increased, and it was with some difficulty that way was made to the carriage, which the President entered, with his attendants, amidst a very audible cheer; thus he acknowledged with his former suavity, and returning to his lodgings, sought a temporary refuge from the attentions of his numerous admirers and friends."

Remaining at Philadelphia, and receiving visitors, and himself visiting the principal objects of attraction during Monday, Tuesday and the morning of Wednesday the President left at nine A. M. for New York, amidst the cheers of the people. He reached Trenton at 10, where he met the customary welcome and proceeded thence to Annapolis, where the elegant steamboat prepared by New York for his conveyance to this city received him.

During the day the greatest excitement was manifested here in expectation of his arrival. The N. America having taken the outer passage came through the Narrows about the middle of the afternoon, decorated in the handsomest manner and attended by other steamboats and water craft of different kinds, and amidst salutes from the different fortifications of the harbour, reached Castle Garden on the edge of the Battery at 4 o'clock. Here the President landed, with his attendants, and was formally received by the Corporation and citizens' committee.

The Battery and the neighbouring streets, houses, and shipping, were absolutely crowded with the multitude of spectators.

The President soon proceeded up Broadway, attended by the military and other citizens in carriages,

on horseback, and on foot. He rode on horseback; he was dressed in a plain suit of black, and in no way distinguishable from other citizens except by his features, and by his uncovered head, white with age. He rode with his hat in his hand, which he waved gracefully in acknowledgement of the cheers, the bows, and the waving handkerchiefs of the gentler sex, which on all sides greeted his approach. Broadway for the whole distance to the City Hall was one dense mass of population; and every accessible roof, balcony, door, window, awning post, and other 'cogn of vantage,' was occupied by the zealous throng.

After his arrival at the City Hall, the Park and its numerous approaches were literally filled, and the animating scene continued until night closed on it, after the President had made his parting bow from the windows of his apartment at the American Hotel. Omitting subsequent particulars, we must close this notice by mentioning only that on Thursday the President received the visits of the ladies, and visited the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and on Friday rode to Newark, N. J. A barouche drawn by six fine horses, was his conveyance. After his return, he was waited on by the Chamber of Commerce and merchants in a body, and subsequently witnessed Mr. Durant's ascension from Castle Garden. The day was very favourable, and the balloon floated slowly and gracefully over towards Long Island, Mr. D. waving the American flag where it never soared before, until he was lost in the distance.

Deputations from Boston and other towns are here to attend the President eastward, whither he proceeds this day intending to spend the sabbath at New Haven.

We lament to say that in firing a salute on board the revenue cutter on the President's arrival, one of crew was dreadfully mutilated. A handsome sum has been contributed for his benefit. By the breaking of the bridge at Castle Garden, some injury was sustained but nothing very serious, though a number of persons were thrown into the water.

It is remarked that the President, who has heretofore so often escaped death in the field, had three narrow escapes on his visit to this city. Once at the falling of the bridge at the Battery just at the moment he left it; once by the flight of his horse at the military exhibition; and once by the wad of a field piece, from which a salute was fired as he left New-York, striking very near him.

Mr. Webster, on a tour westward has been received with every indication of the high respect and consideration of his fellow citizens in that quarter. At Utica he was honoured with many attentions both public and private, and was escorted for some distance on leaving the place. At Buffalo, he received an invitation from a committee of the citizens to attend a public dinner, given as a mark of respect for his public services and private worth, which however he declined, because his stay in that city must be short, and he wished to devote all the time at his command to the examination of its interesting objects, and to an unrestrained and unceremonious intercourse with its citizens."

He was subsequently invited by the proprietors of a beautiful new steamboat building at Black Rock, to witness the launch. Proceeding thither, he found the new vessel decorated with the national standard and other flags, on one of which was inscribed "Daniel Webster," and over it the motto from one of his speeches "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The vessel being launched and named in the usual form, Mr. Webster returned his thanks for the honour done him in giving his name to the boat, and made other appropriate remarks. In the evening the farmers and mechanics met and appointed a committee to wait on Mr. W. in their behalf and offer their acknowledgements for his public services. Mr. W. addressed them in an appropriate reply.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A lady was safely delivered of a fine girl (on board the *William Penn* steamboat) last evening, soon after leaving the railroad car.—This is the first serious accident since this road has been in operation.—*Nat. Gaz.*

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 11th inst., D. S. Jones, Esq. to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of the late Governor Clinton. On the 11th, Francis Emory, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Sarah Olcott Porter, of this city. On the 13th, Mr. John H. Lynde, to Miss Harriet S. daughter of Mr. Henry Havens. On the 13th, Mr. Simon Butler, of Northampton, Mass., to Mrs. Charlotte McNeill, of this city. On the 13th, Mr. Ebenezer Thurn, to Miss Julia A. Underhill. At Brooklyn, on the 13th, Mr. Ebenezer G. Ferris, of this city, to Miss Mary Pearsall, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 11th, Mr. Wm. Genil, aged 28. On the 10th, Mrs. Acheline, wife of Mr. Henry Channing, aged 23. On the 12th, Mr. Michael Crawford, aged 44. On the 12th, Mr. James Blackwell, aged 40. On the 13th, Mrs. Maria, relict of the late Mr. Abraham Bismann, aged 33. On the 13th, Mr. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Henry Russell, aged 52. On the 15th, Mr. T. Lynch, (of the firm of Lynch and Clark) aged 51. At New Orleans, on the 25th ult., of cholera, Captain C. Burdick, late master of the schooner *Martha*, aged 48. He was a native of Connecticut, and for many years a resident of New-York. At Vicksburg, of cholera, Jane, Emily, and Juliet, daughters of Dr. J. Haysman. One of these young ladies was to have been married on the evening of the day of her death!

SLATE ROOFS

AND SMOKY CHIMNIES

WARRANTED TO BE DONE TO DRAW. No Cure, no Pay.—A. S. SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted. Orders will be promptly attended to on application to
THOS. SHERIDAN, Slater, 208 William st.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A SEAT AND GOLD ARTICLE.

IN THIS LINE (WHERE IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT OF 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail.—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

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BUSSENG & CO. Manufacturers,

21 WILLIAM STREET,

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DR. J. FRANCIS,

DENTIST,

95 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.

FANCY STATIONARY & PERFUMERY.—Embossed, India surface, Gilt, and Perfumed Note Paper, of different colors and sizes; Seren and Seron Handkerchiefs, &c.; together with a general assortment of Perfumery, constantly for sale by
J. D. TURNELL, 155 Broadway.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH.

Between the Sixth Avenue and Washington Square.

THE Proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing Patrons, has, at a very great expense, built a more commodious Bathing House, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively; the former Bathing House is reserved for the use of Ladies only, to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded. He has also added a separate room in front, where he intends keeping a Circulating Library and Reading Room, together with a general assortment of Stationery, &c. No attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "Down Town," while the well-known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury and the health-preserving virtues of the Bath.

Single Tickets, 25 cents; Five Tickets, \$1.00; Eight Tickets, \$1.50; Twelve Tickets, \$2.00; Sixteen Tickets, \$2.50; Forty Tickets, \$5.00; One Hundred Tickets, (viz. 40 Gentlemen, 40 Ladies, and 20 Children) \$10.00.
New York, April 27, 1833. *Edm.*

VALENTINE COFFEE HOUSE, New Haven.—This large, commodious, and pleasantly situated establishment, no well known to require a particular description, continues to be visited by the admirer, who takes the occasion of the opening of the season to reward his friends, and travellers generally, that he has made every preparation for their comfort and convenience, and feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favour him with a visit.
W. H. JONES.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.—Mr. Jones has also taken this House, situated in Church Street, near the Post Office, and long celebrated as a public house of the first order. It is kept by Mr. Allis, lately connected with Mr. J. at the *Tontine*, and for whose qualifications for the duties of the place they are willing to refer to any persons who have tried the accommodations of the House.

The Stage Office where the books of all the public conveyances are to be found are kept in the same building. The Proprietors assure the public that in both establishments they will find the terms reasonable and the attendance good.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER AND LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Carved and gilt looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash.
may 15. ci.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 102 WILLIAM STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS AND SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c., &c., manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture GLAZED and OILED SILKS, of superior quality; GLAZED MEXICAN and OILED LIXES, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice
N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
June 13- city.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEARS PRESENTS

A LARGEST and most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's FANCY GOODS, POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, FINE JEWELLERY, S. WRITING-DESKS, TABLE BOOKS, BANGING TABLET BOOKS, &c., &c., at the lowest possible prices, for sale by
BASSING & CO., 704 William-street,
(next door to Colburn's, 71.)

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. R. BRYAN, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and perfect durability to the last decay.

Not only in perfect health necessary operations on the teeth, but in all the different cases, continues to use his PATENT PERIODICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he recommends to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to call on many respectable individuals and eminent dentists, among whom are the following: Valentine M. D., Dr. Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Porter, M.D., Dr. W. K. Kinsman, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Chesman, M.D. June Gentile.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Carriage of the teeth removed, and the decayed teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum piles, alveolar abscesses, and causing an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon-Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public; if obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed.
JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street N. Y.